

POEMS

OF

ANDREW MARVELL

The Muses' Library

POEMS  
OF  
ANDREW MARVELL  
SOMETIME MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT  
FOR HULL

EDITED BY  
G A AITKEN



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TO  
THE REV GEORGE OHLSON,  
FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HULL GRAMMAR  
SCHOOL,  
IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION  
OF  
MUCH KINDNESS IN EARLY SCHOOL LIFE



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## P R E F A C E

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IT is not necessary to justify any effort to make Marvell's Poems more widely known. The sole object of this Preface is to acknowledge my indebtedness to my predecessors, who have, in a greater or less degree, done good service by keeping the poet's name and character in the minds of his countrymen.

In 1681, more than two years after Marvell's death, his widow published a collection of his miscellaneous poems. Nearly half a century later Cooke brought out an edition which included the political satires. These pieces could not, of course, be given in the volume of 1681, but they had been printed among other State Poems after the Revolution. Another half century passed before Thompson published an edition of the whole of Marvell's works. Thompson was a Hull captain, and a connection of the poet's family, filled with enthusiasm for his subject, but wanting in the critical training

necessary for complete success In spite, now ever, of all his shortcomings, it is not to be forgotten that we owe to him some of Marvell's finest poems, and that he was the first to print a large number of Marvell's letters, which are of great assistance in studying his life and writings Errors in the text grew in number in subsequent cheap editions of the poems, until, in 1872, a century after Thompson, and when I was a scholar at the old Grammar School at Hull which claimed Marvell as one of its most distinguished pupils, Dr Grosart published the first volume of a limited edition of Marvell's works It may be said that that edition was the first in which any serious attempt was made to give an accurate text, or to explain the constant allusions to contemporary events But greatly as I have been indebted to Dr Grosart's work, much remained to be done Many allusions remained unexplained, while some of the notes upon historical events or persons were written under misapprehension, and the errors in identification led to mistakes in the dating of the poems In so difficult a field it is not probable that I have entirely escaped pitfalls, and I do not forget that it is far easier to correct others than to be a pioneer

In the Introduction I have incorporated the few facts relating to Marvell that have come to light during the last twenty years, and the poems have been printed after a fresh collation with the earliest texts. My best thanks are due to Mr C H Firth, who has kindly read most of the proof sheets and made many valuable suggestions, and to the Rev R Sinker, D D, Mr W Aldis Wright, and Mr J W Clark for information respecting Marvell's career at Cambridge. Mr Firth has contributed a valuable article on Marvell to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

G A A



## **INTRODUCTION**



## INTRODUCTION

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OUR power of rightly understanding an author is always greatly increased by knowledge of the circumstances under which his works were produced, and when we are dealing with a man who took a keen interest in the life around him, it is absolutely necessary to know something both of the writer's personal history and of the course of public affairs. The information respecting Andrew Marvell's life is, unfortunately, meagre, but though we should be glad to know more, what we have is sufficient to enable us to understand the causes that influenced him at the various stages of his career.

Early in the sixteenth century members of a family of the name of Marvell, Mervell, or Marwell were living at Shepereth, in Cambridgeshire, while others were to be found at the neighbouring village of Meldreth. It is at Meldreth, where there is an old manor house called "The Marvells," that Marvell's father,

Andrew Marvell, is supposed to have been born, in 1586. He went to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and took the degree of M.A. in 1608. He was "minister" at Flamborough, in Yorkshire, in 1610, and "curate" in the following year. There is an entry in the registers at Cherry Burton, under the date Oct 22, 1612, of the marriage of "Andrew Marvell and Anne Pease," and there can be no doubt that we have here the record of the marriage of Marvell's parents, the more especially because we know from other sources that the name of Marvell's mother was Anne, and that the Peases of Hesslewood were connected by marriage with descendants of Marvell's sister Anne.\*

Two years after his marriage, in 1614, the Rev Andrew Marvell was presented to the living of Winestead, in Holderness. There three daughters were born, Anne in 1615, Mary, 1616, and Elizabeth, 1618, and they were followed, on the 31st of March, 1621, "being

\* Colonel J. W. Pease M.P., is connected with the family through Elizabeth Blaydes granddaughter of Anne Marvell. In the will of William Thompson of Hull Gent 1637, there is mention of my father in law Mr George Pease and my cousin Mr Andrew Marvell. This George Pease would thus appear to have been brother-in law to the Rev Andrew Marvell.

Easter-even," by a son, Andrew Marvell. The old font in which he was baptized, on April 5, has of late been restored to its proper place in the church, after having been long used for unworthy purposes, and repairs necessary for the preservation of the church itself have been carried out. A second son, John, was born in 1623, but he died in the following year, and was buried at Winstead on the 20th of September. Of Andrew Marvell's sisters it is sufficient to say that Anne married James Blaydes, J P., of Sutton, in 1633, and had a son Joseph, who was Mayor of Hull in 1702, and married Jane Mould, whose father had been Mayor in 1698. From them Mr F. A. Blades, of Hockliffe Lodge, Leighton Buzzard, and the Blades-Thompsons trace their descent. William, another son of Anne Marvell, was the ancestor of the Blades-Haworths, and Lydia, a daughter, married Robert Nettleton, who was Mayor of Hull in 1697, and had one son Robert, who died without issue. Andrew Marvell's second sister, Mary, married, in 1636, Edmund Popple, Sheriff of Hull in 1638, and died in 1678, on or about the same day as her brother. Among her descendants were William Popple, Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantation.

tions, and Alured, his son, who was Governor of Bermuda The third sister, Elizabeth, married, in 1636, Robert More, father by another wife of Thomas More

Towards the end of 1624, after ten years' work at Winestead, the Rev Andrew Marvell was appointed Master of the Grammar School at Hull, and soon afterwards Lecturer at the neighbouring Holy Trinity Church, and Master of the Charter House There is abundant evidence that he performed his various duties with zeal, and was an accomplished man Fuller says that "the lessons of the pulpit he enforced by the persuasive eloquence of a devoted life," while Echard calls him "the facetious Calvinistical Minister of Hull" His son would doubtless be taught by him from his early years at the old Grammar School,\* which remained almost unchanged until 1875 The building has now been converted into a Mission and Clergy House, but the restoration that it has undergone—necessary as it no doubt was—cannot but be painful to those who remember its former picturesque if dilapidated appearance

\* In Mr Smurke (1676) Marvell remarks that he learned at the Grammar School the liberal art of "scanning"

The boys, like all boys at a seaport, would often haunt the neighbouring harbour, and years afterwards Bishop Parker, in imputing to Marvell "rude and uncivil language," attributed it to his "first unhappy education among boatswains and cabin boys."

At the age of twelve Marvell went to Cambridge, aided by the Exhibition that was attached to the Grammar School. He matriculated on December 14, 1633, as a Sizar of Trinity College, but he soon fell into the hands of some Jesuits, who persuaded him to go to London. There, after some months, he was found by his father, and taken back to Cambridge. Two poems by Marvell, one in Greek, the other in Latin, addressed to the King, appeared in the "*Musa Cantabrigiensis*" in 1637, and on April 13, 1638, he was admitted a Scholar of Trinity College ("Andreas Marvell, *discipulus juratus et admissus*"). He took his B.A. degree in the same year, and in the year 1639-40 "Mervile" was one of the "Discipuli Dnæ Bromley," and got four quarters "*liberatura*," that is, money paid as part of the Scholarship money, and designed to clothe the scholar. Marvell's mother had died in April, 1638, a few days after he obtained his

Scholarship, and now he lost his father. The Rev Andrew Marvell had married, as his second wife, in November, 1638, Lucy Alured widow of William Harris, and had rendered noble service during the plague in Hull in 1635 and 1638-39. His death was caused by drowning, while he was escorting to her home at Thornton College, on the opposite side of the Humber, the daughter of Mrs Skinner, who was related to the Cynack Skinner to whom Milton addressed two of his sonnets. The whole party perished, and it is pleasant to believe the tradition that Mrs Skinner adopted young Marvell, and made ample provision for him. It is certain that he was not without means during the ensuing years.

It is doubtful whether Marvell returned to Cambridge after his father's death, all we know is that there is an entry in the Conclusion Book of Trinity College, dated Sept 24, 1641, to the effect that, as Marvell and others did not attend their days or acts, or were married, they should have no more benefit of the College unless they showed cause to the contrary within three months. Marvell seems to have set out shortly afterwards on a four years' tour through France, Holland, Switzerland, Spain,

and Italy. It is probable that he met Richard Flecknoe at Rome in 1645, and returned to England in the following year. That he had Royalist friends is evident from the lines upon Lord Hastings in the "Musarum Lacrymæ," and the verses to Richard Lovelace, both published in 1649, the year of the execution of Charles I. In the lines upon Thomas May, written in 1650, Marvell spoke of "great Charles's death," and in the same year, in an ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland, he did not hesitate to say of Charles—

He nothing common did or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene,  
    But with his keener eye  
    The axe's edge did try  
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
    To vindicate his helpless right  
    But bowed his comely head  
    Down as upon a bed

Years afterwards, in the "Rehearsal Transposed," he spoke of the evil that had come of Laud's bad advice to Charles, "a prince truly pious and religious", and of the Civil War he said, "I think the cause was too good to have been fought for. Men ought to have trusted God, they ought and might have trusted the

King with that whole matter      Even as his present Majesty's happy restoration did itself, so all things else happen in their best and proper time, without any need of our officious ness"   We shall see that throughout his life Marvell maintained his loyal feeling for the King, bad as that King might be, and had for his constant aim the removal of the evil counsellors who led him astray   But after the death of Charles I, Cromwell was the one strong man who could safely guide the country, and Marvell, though no Roundhead, could not but admire and give him his adherence

It was, however, not Cromwell, but the great Lord Fairfax with whom Marvell first came in contact   Lord Fairfax, who acted as Parliamentary General during the Civil War, did not approve of the King's execution, and refused, on conscientious grounds, to take the command against the Scotch in 1650   He retired to Nun Appleton, his Yorkshire seat, and there Marvell went as tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter Mary (afterwards Duchess of Buckingham), then in her twelfth year   During the two happy years that he spent at this house Marvell wrote most, if not all, of the beautiful poems of the country which form so important a part of his works

This period of quiet communing with nature, and intercourse with his noble minded host and his young pupil, must have greatly influenced the character of a young man of twenty nine or thirty

A still more important connection was soon to be formed On February 21, 1652 53, John Milton, who had perhaps made Marvell's acquaintance through Lord Fairfax, gave him a letter of introduction to President Bradshaw, in which he said, "There will be with you to morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr Marvile, a man who is, both by report and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the State to make use of, who also offers himself, if there be any employment for him His father was the minister of Hull, and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaining of those four languages, besides, he is a scholar, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors, and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of Lord Fairfax, who was General, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the lady his daughter" And

then, after recommending Marvell as well suited to be his assistant, Milton continued, "This, my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the public, in helping them to an humble servant, laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine own condition"—his blindness—"might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor"

Marvell had to wait some time for his appointment, but Milton's recommendation was not forgotten

Early in 1653 Marvell wrote the "Satire upon Holland," and in 1654 he carried to Bradshaw from Milton a copy of the "Defensio Secunda." The account of the reception of the book which he sent to his "most honoured friend" was written at Eton, where Bradshaw was living, and from the mention made of John Oxenbridge, it would seem that Marvell was already living with that well-known preacher Oxenbridge had paid two visits to the Bermudas, and his experience of the people who had sought refuge in those islands from religious persecution probably suggested to Marvell one of the most familiar of his poems. In 1655 Marvell addressed a second poem to Cromwell, "The First Ann

versary of the Government under His Highness the Lord Protector", and he is mentioned by Edward Phillips as one of the "particular friends" who, having a "a high esteem for him," frequently visited Milton during these years at his house in Petty France

In the summer of 1657 Cromwell's nephew, Mr Dutton, came to live at Oxenbridge's house at Windsor, and Marvell acted as his tutor. But this arrangement was short lived, for in September Marvell obtained the post for which he had been recommended in 1653, and became Milton's colleague in the Latin secretaryship. His salary was the same as Milton's, £200 a year, but it was not, like Milton's, a life pension, and he was more subordinate than Milton to Thurloe. Two or three letters written "by direction of Mr Secretary" to English representatives abroad are in the British Museum. In one of these Marvell speaks of an agent of "C Steward," the future Charles II, and in another, of the members who opposed the proclamation of Richard Cromwell as Protector. "They have much the odds in speaking, but it is to be hoped that our justice, our affection, and our number, which is at least two thirds, will wear them out at the long run."

In July and August, 1658, Thurloe alludes to

Marvell, acting as Milton's substitute, going down the Thames to welcome an ambassador, or receiving a political agent at Whitehall. In another month Cromwell passed away. Marvell had known him well, publicly and privately, while he was himself naturally an adherent to the monarchical system. His "Poem upon the Death of his late Highness the Lord Protector"—the third important poem that he had written in Cromwell's praise—carries, therefore, all the more weight. From regret for Cromwell's death he passed to the happy presages that accompanied Richard Cromwell's accession to power. Richard Cromwell's reign, however, was short, but after his fall Milton and Marvell remained Latin Secretaries until December, 1659. Only twice is Marvell mentioned in the existing Domestic State Papers for this period. On September 7, 1658, the Council approved of a list of persons who were appointed to have mourning for Cromwell, and among them were the Latin Secretaries, John Milton and Andrew Marvell, but the supply that had been proposed—nine yards—was reduced to six. On July 14, 1659, the Council agreed that Marvell, among others, should have lodgings in Whitehall.

In the meantime, in January, 1659, Marvell

and John Ramsden had been elected members of Parliament for Hull Marvell's early connection with the town had, as we have seen, been maintained by the marriage of his sisters with members of well-known families in the neighbourhood, and his constituents never found cause to regret their choice In 1660 came the restoration of Charles II and the punishment of many of Cromwell's friends Milton escaped somewhat mysteriously from evil consequences, and his nephew, Edward Phillips, afterwards said that this immunity was due to the intercession of friends, "particularly, in the House of Commons, Mr Andrew Marvell, a member for Hull, acted vigorously in his behalf, and made a considerable party for him" We shall see that Marvell defended until the very end the great poet to whose influence he owed so much

In 1660 and 1661 Marvell was re elected for Hull, and from November, 1660, until a few days before his death, he sent regularly to the Mayor and Corporation a concise description of what passed in Parliament There were no reports of the proceedings of the House until long after this time, and the risk attaching to letters of a public nature compelled Marvell to confine himself as a rule to a bare recital of facts The

few letters of a private nature that we have are far more interesting, yet the series of public letters is a valuable storehouse of information, and even here, especially during the later years of his life, Marvell did not hesitate to hint at the fears with which the actions of the King or his advisers filled his mind. He was a model representative, most regular in his attendance, but rarely speaking, and his constituents showed their complete confidence in him, not only by a regular payment, which was then customary, of 6s 8d a day while Parliament sat, but by frequent presents, generally of barrels of ale, for which he returned his hearty thanks "If I wanted my right hand," he wrote on one occasion, "yet I would scribble to you with my left rather than neglect your business." Marvell was a member of the Corporation of the Trinity House, both at London and Hull, and he was always ready to help forward their interests by the exercise of his business powers, which were often shown in interviews with the leading men of the day. Shortly before his death he was chosen a younger Warden of the London Trinity House.

\* Historical MSS Commission Eighth Report Pt. I pp 255 6 and letters on the affairs of the Trinity House in Dr Grosart's edition

Occasionally Marvell went abroad, sometimes on private business, of which we know nothing. Once, when he had been in Holland for a year and a half, Lord Belasyse, High Steward of Hull, requested that a new member should be elected; but the corporation replied that Marvell was not far off, and would return when they desired it. They accordingly warned him, in a "prudent and courteous letter," of the proposal to fill up his place, and he came back at the beginning of April, 1663. But in the following June it was decided to send Lord Carlisle as ambassador extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, and that nobleman, as Marvell told his constituents, "used his power, which ought to be very great with me, to make me go along with him, as secretary in these embassages." "You may be sure," he added, "I will not stir without special leave of the House, so that you may be freed from any possibility of being importuned, or tempted, to make any other choice in my absence. However, I cannot but advise with you, desiring also to take your assent with me, so much esteem I have both for your prudence and friendship." The House having granted the leave required, and the constituents given their approval, Marvell set out with the mission in

July, "with the order and good liking of his Majesty," and did not return until January, 1665. A full account of the mission, with various allusions to Marvell, is given in "A Relation of three Embassies from his sacred Majestie Charles II," &c, by "G. M," published in 1669.

Two months after Marvell's return war was declared against Holland, and on June 3, 1665, the Duke of York obtained a victory over the Dutch fleet, but was unable to follow up his success. Dryden wrote "Verses to Her Royal Highness the Duchess on the Memorable Victory," and Waller celebrated the event in a poem which was the forerunner of many satires by Marvell and others. The title was "Instructions to a Painter, for the drawing of the Posture and Progress of His M<sup>aj</sup>es Forces at Sea, under the command of His Royal Highness, together with the Battel and Victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3, 1665." There was high praise of the "valiant Duke," whose clothes were dyed with the blood of those who fell near him, and the "illustrious Duchess." The friends of those who were killed by the Duke's side were thus consoled —

Happy to whom this glorious death arrives  
More to be valued than a thousand lves !

On such a theatre as this to die  
For such a cause and such a witness by !  
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made  
To have his blood on such an altar laid ?

In lines "To the King," at the end of the poem, Waller said of Charles —

You for these ends whole days in council sit  
And the diversions of your youth forget

A year passed, notable for the great Plague of London, and on June 3, 1666, the anniversary of the battle which had given Waller the opportunity of uttering these audacious lines, Monck was defeated in the Downs. In 1667 Louis XIV deserted the Dutch, and entered into a secret treaty with Charles, but the grants which had been made in Parliament for carrying on the war had, to a great extent, been appropriated by the King for the benefit of his mistresses, and it was found impossible to fit out the navy. The result was that in June the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames and Medway, burned the shipping at Chatham, and threatened London itself. Next month a treaty of peace was signed at Breda.

During the course of these disasters, Denham, who had all the reasons of an injured husband for hating the Duke of York, issued four

“Directions”—or “Advises,” as they are sometimes called—“to a Painter,” in imitation of Waller’s poem\* Like Waller, he added earnest lines “To the King”—

Let justice only awe and battle cease  
Kings are but cards in war they’re gods in peace

Here needs no fleet no sword no foreign foe  
Only let vice be dammed and justice flow

The House of Commons elected in 1661 was strongly Royalist, but the disgraceful events that had marked the six years during which it had now sat had led to the formation of a powerful Opposition. The Corporation Act of 1661 was followed by the Act of Uniformity of 1662, the persecutions in Scotland, the Conventicle Act of 1664, and the Five Mile Act of 1665. The Earl of Clarendon, the King’s chief adviser during these years, was an ardent supporter of the Monarchy and of the Church of England, while Charles II cared little for anything so long as his own pleasures were gratified. His sympathies, indeed, lay rather

\* Pepys writing on Sept. 14 1667 says I met with a Fourth Advice to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River, and end of the War, that made my heart ache to read it being too sharp, and so true.

with the Roman Catholics, and his brother, the Duke of York, who had married Clarendon's daughter, was known to belong to that Church. Clarendon was unpopular with both Catholics and Nonconformists, and upon his head fell the blame for the position of dependency upon France in which England was placed. To the feeling of shame was added the indignation of the more respectable classes of the people at the glaring debauchery of the Court.

It would at first sight seem impossible to believe the accounts of the depravity of Charles II and his courtiers which we find in the works of contemporary satirists, but the information that we have from many sources shows that Marvell and other writers of the time rarely exaggerated. It is curious how completely the various accounts corroborate each other. It might be said that Pepys, representing the middle classes, repeated much gossip which was without warrant, or that Evelyn, the representative of the old fashioned gentry, was easily offended. But Pepys's own views on morality were not strait laced, while Evelyn was an earnest supporter of Church and State, and both of them had ready access to the Court, and could see for themselves how the King lived.

The truth of what they say is, moreover, proved beyond a doubt by the tone adopted by Dryden and other Royalist writers, by the unblushing memoirs of those who, like the Count de Grammont, were on the most familiar terms with the King, by the correspondence between the French ambassadors and their master, and by various journals and memoirs too numerous to mention. In the very year to which we have now come Milton published "Paradise Lost," and had in his mind what he heard from those around him when he described Belial, who loved vice for its own sake —

In courts and palaces he also reigns  
And in luxurious cities where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers  
And injury and outrage

Parliament was summoned in July, 1667, but was at once prorogued until October. In the interval the King, influenced by the Duke of Buckingham and the reigning mistress, Lady Castlemaine, took the seals of office from Clarendon, who was afterwards impeached and banished. In August or September, at the time of Clarendon's fall, Marvell produced his longest poem, the "Last Instructions to a Painter," modelled upon the pieces by Waller and Den

ham Of this terrible impeachment of those who misled the King we shall have to speak again, here it is sufficient to notice that in the closing lines Marvell disavowed all intention to attack Charles himself His muse, he said, blamed only those who restrained the Court, and wished to reign where all England served They who would separate the kingdom from the crown were bold and accursed —

As Ceres corn and Flora is the spring  
As Bacchus wine the country is the King

Let the King seek better counsellors, virtuous  
wealthy, courageous —

Where few the number choice is the less hard  
Give us this Court and rule without a guard

The change that followed Clarendon's fall was not for the better, though Marvell felt hopeful, and was grateful to the King The Cabal ministry endeavoured to please the people by entering into an alliance with Holland and Sweden against France, but Charles continued his private negotiations with Louis XIV, and determined to be free, if possible, of the control of Parliament With this object in view a secret treaty was signed at Dover in 1670, by which Charles accepted from Louis a pension

of £200,000 a year and 6,000 French troops, and undertook to re establish Roman Catholicism in England, to help Louis against Holland, and to support his claim to the Spanish succession. In private letters written in the spring, Marvell had spoken of the imperious attitude taken up by Charles as a last resort in his pressing need for money, of the terrible Conventicle Bill, "the quintessence of arbitrary malice", and of the wish of the King, who seemed all-powerful, to set aside his marriage "In such a conjuncture, dear Will, what probability is there of my doing anything to the purpose?" Charles menaced the House of Lords by attending from day to day throughout the sittings, "the Parliament was never so embarrassed, beyond recovery. We are all venal cowards, except some few."

Before long people became aware to some extent of the arrangement with Louis XIV, and early in 1671 Marvell wrote his "Farther Instructions to a Painter". These lines are concerned chiefly with the brutal attack, in the preceding December, upon Sir John Coventry, who had ventured to use plain words about the King's immoral life in a debate upon playhouses. A strong Bill was at once passed against such

crimes, with the result that Parliament was prorogued in April for nearly two years. At this time Marvell thought that he might be sent "on an honest fair employment into Ireland," but we hear nothing more of it. In January, 1672, Charles obtained money by the act of national bankruptcy known as the stopping of the Exchequer, and in March war was declared against Holland. Marvell's "Poem on the Statue in Stocks Market" was written immediately after the undecisive fight in Southwold Bay on the 28th of May. The statue referred to was one of Sobieski, which was being altered to represent Charles II., but Marvell said the workmen would never arrive at an end, "For it is such a king as no chisel can mend." Yet, he added, "we'd rather have him than his bigotted brother."

When Parliament met in 1673 the opposition to the Declaration of Indulgence which had been issued in the preceding year was so great—owing to the fear of Popery—that the King found it necessary to withdraw the Declaration. The passing of the Test Act, which followed soon afterwards, compelled Clifford, Arlington, and the Duke of York to resign office, and brought about the fall of the Cabal ministry.

Shaftesbury and Buckingham joined the Opposition, and peace was concluded with Holland early in 1674. To this period belong Marvell's "Historical Poem," "Advice to a Painter," and "Britannia and Raleigh." The "Historical Poem" is directed chiefly against the Duke of York, and ends with the significant lines —

Be wise ye sons of men tempt God no more  
To give you kings in s wrath to vex you sore  
If a king s brother can such mischiefs bring  
Then how much greater mischiefs such a king?

The "Advice to a Painter" also is an attack on the Papists, with grave lines "To the King," warning him of danger from his ambitious brother —

Great Charles who full of mercy might st command  
In peace and pleasure this thy native land  
At last take pity of thy tottering throne  
Shook by the faults of others not thine own  
Let not thy life and crown together end  
Destroyed by a false brother and false friend

"Britannia and Raleigh" give a terrible picture of those who surrounded Charles —

A colony of French possess the Court  
Pimps priests buffoons in privy chamber sport

They perverted the King's mind, and choked his good intentions. It seemed vain to endeavour to divide the Stuart from the tyrant, yet

Marvell urged, in noble words which Raleigh addresses to Britannia —

Once more great Queen thy darling strive to save  
Snatch him away from scandal and the grave  
Present to s thoughts his long scorned Parliament  
The basis of his throne and government  
In his deaf ears sound his dead father s name  
Perhaps that spell may s erring soul reclaim  
Who knows what good effects from thence may spring?  
Tis God like good to save a falling king

Sir Thomas Osborne, created Earl of Danby in 1674, now held the reins of office, and he had at any rate the merit of hating the King's alliance with France. But he had no sympathy with popular government, and he endeavoured, by various arbitrary means, and by the aid of bribery, to give the King more absolute power. He is often attacked in Marvell's remaining satires, which all seem to have been written in 1674 and 1675, but these pieces do not call for detailed notice here, except the "Dialogue between Two Horses," the statue of Charles II at Wool church, and that of Charles I at Charing Cross. The writer was remarkably plain spoken, as the following lines will show —

#### WOOL CHURCH

To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne  
And the King's wicked life say God there is none.

**CHARING**

That he should be styled   Defender of the Faith  
Who believes not a word what the Word of God  
saith

**WOOL CHURCH**

That the Duke should turn Papist and that church  
defy  
For which his own father a martyr did die.

**CHARING**

The debauched and cruel since they equally gall us,  
I had rather bear Nero than Sardanapalus

**WOOL CHURCH**

One of the two tyrants must still be our case  
Under all who shall reign of the false Stuart race

But canst thou devise when things will be mended ?

**CHARING**

When the reign of the line of Stuarts is ended

And then, at the end, in reference to the  
closing of the coffee houses because public  
affairs were there freely discussed, come these  
ominous lines —

When they take from the people the freedom of words  
They teach them the sooner to fall to their swords.

So great was the outcry that in less than six  
weeks it was found necessary to revoke the pro-  
clamation against coffee-houses Thirteen years

were yet to pass before the expulsion of the Stuarts at the Revolution

We need say little more of politics. In a private letter at South Kensington, dated November 5, 1674, and addressed to Edward Thompson, afterwards Mayor and M.P. for York, Marvell half jestingly wrote "I am glad that Clergy begin to show their good affection to King killing and Emperor killing." Early in 1677 he represented himself to Edward Thompson's elder brother, Sir Henry Thompson, as one who had no employment but idleness, and who "am so oblivious that I should forget my own name did I not see it sometimes in a friend's superscription" \* On March 6, 1677, Marvell wrote in a letter to his constituents "God direct all counsels to the true remedy of the urgent condition of this poor nation, which I hope there is no reason to despair of."

On the 20th of March a debate took place upon a Bill for securing the Protestant religion. This Bill required the Sovereign to take an oath that he did not believe in transubstantiation, but he could refuse on condition that he handed over to the bishops the filling up of ecclesiastic

\*The original is in the collection of Mr Alfred Morrison

tical vacancies Marvell opposed this Bill, which was really a compromise between the Church and the Duke of York. It was, he said, premature, the King was not in a declining age "Whatever prince God gives us, we must trust him" If men were taught really to live up to the Protestant religion they would then be established against the temptations of Popery, or a prince Popishly affected Marvell added that he was not used to speak in the House, and he spoke abruptly The Bill was committed, but "died away, the Committee disdaining or not daring publicly to enter upon it"

On the 29th there was a debate upon the alleged striking of Sir Philip Harcourt by Marvell, who had stumbled over Harcourt's foot Both parties declared it was an accident, or a thrust made out of their great familiarity But the Speaker had noticed the incident, and Sir Job Charlton, supported by Colonel Sandys—both of whom Marvell had attacked in his satires—moved that Marvell should be sent to the Tower The matter was ultimately allowed to drop At Christmas, 1677, Marvell published an important historical pamphlet called an "Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government," written, as he said, "with no

other intent than of mere fidelity and service to his Majesty, and God forbid that it should have any other effect than that the mouth of all iniquity and of flatterers may be stopped, and that his Majesty, having discerned the disease, may, with his healing touch, apply the remedy”

About the same time appeared a piece often attributed to Marvell, called “A Seasonable Argument to persuade all the Grand Juries in England to petition for a New Parliament” This pamphlet gave brief and uncomplimentary characters of a number of the supporters of the Government, and the *London Gazette* for March 21 to 25, 1678, contained an offer of a reward of £50 for the discovery of the printer or publisher, and £100 for the handers to the press of those “seditious and scandalous libels”\* In a letter written in June, Marvell says that great rewards were offered in private, but that he was not questioned, though it was hinted in several books that he was the author In 1682

\* Both pieces are attributed to Andrew in a quarto pamphlet of 1678 called A Letter from Amsterdam to a Friend in England The writer says Tis well he is now transposed into politics they say he had much ado to live upon poetry The two MSS of A Seasonable Argument in the British Museum (Lansdowne MSS 805 f. 83 and Addl. MSS 4106 f. 166) differ considerably

Dryden, in the Epistle to the Whigs prefixed to "The Medal," spoke of "your dead author's pamphlet called 'The Growth of Popery'"

On July 29, 1678, Marvell had an interview with the Corporation at Hull, and on August 16, three weeks later, he died in London \*

Some believed that he had been poisoned, but according to an account given in Dr Richard Morton's "Pyretologia" (1692), Marvell had tertian ague, and the doctor gave him a great febrifuge, a draft of Venice treacle, and caused him to be covered with blankets. He was then seized with deep sleep and sweats, and twenty four hours later passed away while in a comatose state. He was buried under the pews on the south side of the church of St Giles-in-the-Fields, the sexton afterwards told Aubrey that the grave was under the window which contains a red lion. The town of Hull voted £50 for the funeral, and in 1688 his late constituents collected money for the erection of a monument, but the Royalist Rector would not allow it to be put up

On March 29, 1679, letters of administration were granted to Mary Marvell, relict, and John

Andrew Marvell died yesterday of apoplexy (Col. Grosvenor to G. Treby M.P. Aug 17 1678.—Hist. MSS. Comm., 13th Report Pt VI p 8) He was buried on the 18th ( Life of Anthony Wood ed. Clark II 414)

Greene, creditor of Andrew Marvell, late of St Giles in the Fields Nothing more is known of Marvell's wife, save that she did all she could to preserve her husband's fame by carefully collecting such of his verses as were not of a controversial nature, and publishing them in a folio volume, dated 1681, with the following notice "To the Reader These are to certify every ingenious reader that all these poems, as also the others things in this book, are printed according to the exact copies of my late dear husband, under his own handwriting, being found since his death among his other papers Witness my hand this 15th day of October, 1680 MARY MARVFL"

Limits of space have caused the omission of details respecting Marvell's prose works But a few words must be said about the part he took in two of the Church controversies of his day

In 1670 Samuel Parker, a young man of thirty, who, after being brought up as a Puritan, had joined the Church of England at the Restoration, and become chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, and Archdeacon of Canterbury, published his "Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity, wherein the authority of the Civil Magistrate over the consciences of subjects in matters

of external religion is asserted, the mischiefs and inconvenience of Toleration are represented, and all pretences pleaded in behalf of Liberty of Conscience are fully answered" In this book Parker maintained that the supreme magistrate should have power to direct the consciences of his subjects in affairs of religion, and that princes could with less danger give liberty to men's vices than to their consciences John Owen, who replied, was attacked in "A Defence and Continuation of the Ecclesiastical Polity," and in a Preface by Parker to a work of Bishop Bramhall's Then Marvell took up the cudgels, and in 1672 published "The Rehearsal Trans prosed" The title was taken from a speech by Bayes in the Duke of Buckingham's play, "The Rehearsal," then recently produced This attack abounds with wit which Swift admired, but it is wit applied to high ends The skill with which ridicule was poured upon Parker caused the book to be read by all classes, and thus secured attention for the earnest matters of which Marvell was in reality speaking He had all the laughers on his side, says Burnet, from the King downwards A very interesting and unexpected deposition of Roger L'Estrange, the licencer, has been printed in the Seventh

Report of the Historical MSS Commission, from which it appears that L'Estrange did not hear of the book until the printing of the second impression had been begun, in January 1672 3\* Two sheets had been seized, when L'Estrange was summoned to Lord Anglesey's house, with Ponder, who acknowledged himself to be the printer. Lord Anglesey said, "Look you, Mr L'Estrange, there is a book come out, 'The Rehearsal Transposed' [sic], I presume you have seen it, I have spoken to his Majesty about it, and the King says he will not have it suppressed, for Parker has done him wrong, and this man has done him right, and I desired to speak with you to tell you this, and since the King will have the book to pass, pray give Mr Ponder your licence to it, that it may not be printed from him" Of course L'Estrange had to give way, but obtained leave to alter certain passages. Afterwards the Clerk to the Stationers' Company objected to the book, in spite of the licence L'Estrange had been obliged to give. The Clerk's scruples

\* There were to be 1500 copies of the second impression and John Darby a printer gave evidence that Marvell was the author (Hist MSS Commission, Fourth Report p 234)

were overcome only by a threat from Lord Anglesey to bring the matter before the King and Council. L'Estrange afterwards complained that the book was not printed according to the corrected copy he had licensed.

There were several answers to Marvell's book, in which an attempt was made to write in a similar style of banter and invective, and though they are of little value, they must be read by any one who wishes to understand the allusions in Marvell's work. It is impossible here to say more than that among the titles were "Rosemary and Bayes," "The Transproser Rehearsed," "S'too him, Bayes," "Gregory Father Greybeard," by Edmund Hickeringill, in which much use is made of the words "marvel" and "marvellous," and Parker's "A Reproof to the Rehearsal Transposed," a dreary book of over 500 pages, in which Marvell was advised to betake himself to his "own proper trade of lampoons and ballads," and was reminded that the consequence of his malcontentedness might be the rod, axe, whipping post, galleys, or pillory. The Government was advised "to crush the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell and the friend of Milton."

Marvell's rejoinder, published in 1673 under

his own name, has for title page "The Rehearsal Transprosed The Second Part Occasioned by two letters, the first printed by a nameless author, entitled, A Reproof etc The second a letter left for me at a friend's house, dated Nov 3rd 1673, subscribed J G, and concluding with these words, If thou darest to print or publish any lie or libel against Dr Parker, by the Eternal God, I will cut thy throat" Answered by Andrew Marvell This book brought the controversy to a close, though Parker, who became Bishop of Oxford, attacked Marvell after his death in the "History of his own Times"

Of the innumerable passages of interest in the 'Rehearsal Transprosed' reference must once more be made to the satirical account of the evil effects of a free press (Grosart's edition, 19), to the hearty praise of Butler's 'excellent wit,' though his choice of subject might be regretted (35), to the character of John Hales (125-6), and to the account of the events that led to the Civil War (211-13), where he says, "The arms of the Church are prayers and tears, the arms of the subjects are patience and petitions", yet the fatal consequences of that Rebellion should "serve as sea-marks unto wise princes to

avoid the causes" The most interesting passages in Marvell's "Second Part" are the references to his father (322), to the unequal distribution of the revenues of the church (336 7), to Parker's own impure life (428 9), to "Hudibras" (496), of which he spoke again "with that esteem which an excellent piece of wit upon whatsoever subject will always merit", and, above all, to Milton (498 500), who was suspected of helping Marvell "By chance I had not seen him of two years before but after I undertook writing I did most carefully avoid either visiting or sending to him, lest I should anyway involve him in my consequences" At the Restoration, Milton and Parker had both partaken of the Royal clemency, and it was at Milton's house, where Parker was in those days often to be found, that Marvell had met Parker The attack on the old poet was therefore inhuman and inhospitable, and was a warning to avoid "a man that creeps into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them"

The other Church controversy in which Marvell took part need not detain us long In 1675 Dr Croft, the good Bishop of Hereford, endeavoured, in a pamphlet called "The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Primitive Church,

by a Humble Moderator," to secure forbearance between Churchmen and Nonconformists. The High Church party was indignant, and Dr Francis Turner, Master of St John's College, Cambridge, published, in 1676, "Animadversions on the Naked Truth." Then Marvell brought out a witty pamphlet called "Mr Smirke, or, the Divine in Mode" in which he ridiculed Turner by comparing him with the chaplain in Etherege's play, the "Man of Mode," and showed his thorough knowledge of the matter under discussion in an appendix called "A Short Historical Essay, touching General Councils, Creeds, and Impositions in Religion." Dr Croft thanked Marvell for his aid, and Marvell sent an admirable reply.

Aubrey says that Marvell was "of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish faced, cherry-cheeked, hazel eye, brown hair. He was in his conversation very modest, and of very few words. Though he loved wine, he never would drink hard in company." Aubrey was very far from implying that he was a "drunken buffoon," as Parker, in his anger, called him. Marvell's integrity is illustrated by the well known story of the visit of Lord Danby to his room, and his refusal of the bribe which the Lord Treasurer

found many rich men only too ready to accept "I live here," said Marvell, "to serve my constituents, the ministry may seek men for their purpose I am not one" As Marvell tells us, there were so many courtiers and apostate patriots in the House that money was granted to the King with the full knowledge that it would not be applied to the purpose for which it was asked, and further large grants were made to the Duchess of Cleveland, under whose cognisance all promotions, spiritual as well as temporal, passed In 1674 Marvell waited on the Duke of Monmouth, Governor of Hull, with the then customary present of six broad pieces from the Corporation The Duke would have returned the gold to Marvell, had he not prevented him The money regularly sent from Hull far exceeded Marvell's expenses, as for this present, therefore, he desired the Corporation "to make use of it, and of me, upon any other opportunity '

Many poets have written in eulogy of Marvell, but our space will not allow of quotation Mason, who had himself been a student at Marvell's old school, praised his genius and his character in the "Ode to Independence," and Wordsworth associated him

with some of the noblest names of the time —

Great men have been among us hands that penned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none!  
The late Sidney Marvell Harrington  
Young Vane and others who called Milton friend

It is needless to dwell further upon Marvell's high sense of duty. The more we learn of the corruption of those around him, the more are we impressed by the honesty, purity, and brotherly charity of the man who was in every way worthy to be a friend of that greater poet whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart"

The late Mr C D Christie reviewed Dr Grosart's edition of Marvell's Poems in both the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, and in each case spoke very severely of the Satires, which he stigmatized as obscene, and full of filth and scurrility. The writer of a recent anonymous article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, who follows Mr Christie's example, seems unable to find pleasure in anything of Marvell's except certain of the early poems, upon which he makes some interesting remarks, and, what is worse, he insinuates his want of belief in any high motives in Marvell's actions. In the poems on Cromwell he sees the working of "Milton's poisonous

advice", and he cannot perceive any consistency in Marvell's political life. His untiring labours for his constituents "cannot be certainly imputed to any higher motive than to stand well with his employers" Marvell abandoned poetry for public life, "it seems that," says this writer, quoting from Browning,

Just for a handful of silver he left us  
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat

A less happy quotation could not have been found. They who take up the attitude that Marvell adopted are hardly the men who receive the rewards or decorations given to successful statesmen

It cannot be denied that coarse passages are to be found in Marvell's satires, but we must remember the circumstances under which they were written. Parker, whom Mr Christie gravely quoted against Marvell, says that "out of the House, when he could do it with impunity, he vented himself with the greatest bitterness, and daily spewed infamous libels out of his filthy mouth against the King himself" It is true that there is often plain-speaking of the King, but that King was Charles II, and loyal as he was, Marvell's love for his country was too great to allow him to pass over in

silence the infamous state of affairs that he saw around him. Every form of uncleanness, bribery, and corruption was practised openly at the Court, and behind this apparent surrendering of all else to the pleasures of the moment there was a plot to sacrifice the country and the national religion for private and selfish ends. In speaking plainly of such things the poet could hardly fail sometimes to write coarsely or unmercifully.

The more we study the writings of Marvell's contemporaries, the more we realize the accuracy of the numerous uncomplimentary allusions to people of the day in these satires. When any one who dared to speak of a royal intrigue, well known to all, was liable to a brutal assault at the hands of soldiers under command of the King's son, it was impossible to write otherwise than anonymously, and the charge of cowardice or unmanliness is absurd. Perhaps there is no attack in these satires that we need much regret except that upon Anne Hyde, the Duke of York's first wife, but even in this case Marvell may have had good reason for knowing that her enemies were right in asserting that the connection she had with the Duke before her marriage was not the only slip.

#### ANDREW MARVELL

she made The Duke of York himself was a profligate and an intriguer against his country's best interests, and well deserved all that Marvell said of him

Of the earlier satires the "Character of Holland" is the best, and the vigorous, rollicking humour and careless, unpremeditated style have often been compared with Butler's, but there is an earnest feeling throughout of love for England, "darling of Heaven, and of men the care," and of admiration for those who in troublesome times watched over the Common wealth Among the Latin poems the piece upon Joseph de Maniban illustrates Marvell's wit in its lighter vein His scholarship was of no mean order, and his reading was wide

It is pleasant to turn to the poems upon which Marvell's fame chiefly rests They were all, with one exception, written before the Restoration, and none would realize more than Marvell how great a sacrifice he made when he abandoned the higher forms of art to attack the vices that he saw around him He had a real love of Nature for its own sake, which was then rare even among poets, and he made the best use of the opportunity for studying the beauties of the country that was afforded during his

sojourn at Lord Fairfax's. He was then about thirty years of age, and the poems, "Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborough" and "Appleton House," show that he loved to wander in the grounds and country lanes and woods, watching the birds and flowers with a quick and discerning eye, but not forgetting the human element in the world, and the relations of the whole to its Creator.

Thus I easy philosopher  
Among the birds and trees confer  
And little now to make me wants  
Or of the fowls or of the plants

Thrice happy he who not mistook  
Hath read in Nature's mystic book

And then he gracefully attributes the beauty of it all to his young pupil, for whom he evidently felt a great affection, which often influenced his verse —

She yet more pure sweet straight and fair  
Than gardens woods meads rivers are

In "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," the fawn, left by a faithless lover, is described as finding all its pleasure in the nymph's garden, which was overgrown with roses and lilies. Here, as in other pieces, there

are some of the far-fetched conceits so often found in Donne and his contemporaries

Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without roses within

Yet, as Mr. Palgrave says in the "Golden Treasury," "perhaps no poem in this collection is more delicately fancied, more exquisitely finished. The poet's imagination is justified in its seeming extravagance by the intensity and unity with which it invests his picture." The poems relating to the Mower are of great interest, and illustrate what Lamb called the "witty delicacy" of Marvell. "The Garden," "A Drop of Dew," and "The Coronet," all of them full of earnest thought, are among the most beautiful of seventeenth century poems. To these must be added "Eyes and Tears," though in it there is an unusual number of the quaint conceits of which we have spoken. Those conceits however, when used by Marvell, always add a graceful turn to the verse, and below the surface there is a deeper meaning.

In "Clorinda and Damon" we have, in the form of an idyl, the picture of a man fortified against temptation by his knowledge of God, the "mighty Pan" of Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." Clorinda, urging Damon to seek

present ease, describes a cave hard by in which a trickling fountain makes music. But, says Damon,

Might a soul bathe there and be clean  
Or slake its drought?

CLORINDA

What is t you mean?

DAMON

Clorinda pastures caves and springs  
These once had been enticing things.

CLORINDA

And what late change?

DAMON

The other day  
Pan met me

CLORINDA

What did great Pan say?

DAMON

Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill  
But he e'er since my songs does fill  
And his name swells my slender oat

With a lighter but equally perfect touch Marvell wrote such lines as "Ametas and Thestylis making Hay ropes," or "The Picture of Little T C," or "The Fair Singer," or "To his Coy Mistress," where light fancy turns at the close to a deeper passion. The graceful lines

“Young Love,”—“Come, little infant, love me now”—may well be contrasted with Prior’s charming verses, “To a Child of Quality, five years old,” written half a century later. The exquisite “Bermudas” is perhaps the most widely known of Marvell’s poems. One of the noblest is the “Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure”, and we must not forget “An Epitaph,” with its touching end —

Modest as morn as midday bright  
Gentle as evening cool as night  
Tis true but all too weakly said  
Twas more significant she’s dead

Throughout these earlier poems there is a wonderful combination of delicate sentiment, wealth of fancy, graceful form, simplicity combined with depth of thought, imagination and originality. Marvell’s mind was like the garden he described, where he found fair Quiet and Innocence, and where every form of fruit pressed itself upon him as he walked. But the mind, retiring into its own happiness, created other worlds and seas, transcending those of the natural world.

During the period of the Commonwealth Marvell produced a series of important poems on events in our national history. The first was the

"Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland," in 1650, which Mr. Lowell called "the most truly classic in our language," and "worthy of its theme" As Archbishop Trench remarked, Marvell was conscious of his powers when he called this ode "Horatian", it is like Horace at his best We have already seen that in this his most finished work, Marvell did not hesitate to utter noble words in praise of Charles I, even when writing of Cromwell

Next followed, in 1655, "The First Anniversary of the Government under His Highness the Lord Protector," in which the poet described the troubles through which Cromwell with heavenly aid had guided the country —

"Tis not a freedom that, where all command  
Nor tyranny where one does them withstand  
But who of both the bounders knows to lay  
Him as their father must the state obey

Three years later came the "Poem upon the Death of His Royal Highness the Lord Protector," noble in its tenderness We are the more struck with the absolute sincerity of the poet's grief when we compare the piece with what Dryden and Waller wrote on the same occasion, and we think more highly of Cromwell

when we see how he was loved by a man like  
Marvell

I saw him dead a leaden slumber lies  
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes,  
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled  
,Which through his looks that piercing sweetness  
shed

But his praise would increase to after times,  
When truth shall be allowed and faction cease

In the year preceding Cromwell's death  
Marvell had celebrated the great victory  
obtained by Blake at Santa Cruz, and ten years  
later he described the heroic death of Captain  
Douglas, who refused to leave his ship when  
it had been set on fire by the Dutch In this  
piece, too, he remonstrated against the bad  
feeling between England and Scotland, fanned  
by the persecutions under Lauderdale and  
Sharp "Tis Holy Island parts us, not the  
Tweed." He would not blame the King —

One king one faith one language and one isle  
English and Scotch tis all but cross and pile  
Charles our great soul this only understands  
He our affections both and wills commands

The well known lines on "Paradise Lost," the  
last tribute that he was to pay to the poet whom  
he so greatly reverenced, hardly rank with the

best of Marvell's work, in spite of the fine opening, "When I beheld the poet blind yet bold", but the thoughts and aim are worthy, as they always were, of the subject, however great that subject might be. In the following year, after Milton's death, Marvell promised Aubrey to write a notice of his friend for the use of Wood, who was then preparing his "Athenæ Oxonienses," but the undertaking was never carried out.

Marvell expressed his ideal of happiness in lines translated from Seneca —

Climb at court for me that will,  
Tottering favour's pinnacle,  
All I seek is to lie still.  
Settled in some secret nest  
In calm leisure let me rest  
And far off the public stage,  
Pass away my silent age  
Thus when without noise, unknown  
I have lived out all my span  
I shall die without a groan  
An old honest countryman.

It was a gain to his country that circumstances impelled him to pass his later years in the turmoil of public life, though not in seeking favour at court, but it was none the less a loss to the Muses.

G A AITKEN

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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MOST of Marvell's poems on political subjects doubtless appeared as broadsides or pamphlets at the time they were written, but of these original issues one only is known to have survived "The Character of Holland," written in 1653, printed early, probably, in that year, appears to have been reprinted, in folio, in 1665, with the omission of the latter portion, in which praise was given to Blake and other commanders of the Commonwealth. This mutilated version was again printed, in quarto, in 1672 "The first Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector" was printed, in quarto, by Thomas Newcomb, London, in 1665 "Advice to a Painter" was printed as a four page folio sheet, without date, but apparently in 1679, after Marvell's death. The following poems first appeared in the

vc'unes mentioned (1 and 2) "Προς Καρρολον τον Βασιλεα' and "Ad Regem Carolum" ("Musa Cantabrigiensis," 1637), (3) "Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings" ("Lacrymæ Musarum," 1649), (4) "To his noble Friend, Mr Richard Lovelace, upon his Poems" ("Lucasta, by Richard Lovelace, Esq," 1649), (5) "To his worthy Friend, Dr Whitty" ("Popular Sermons translated into English by R Whittie," 1651), (6,7, and 8) "Clarendon's House Warming," "Upon His House," and "Upon his Grandchildren" ("Directions to a Painter for describing our Naval Business in imitation of Mr Waller Being the last works of Sir John Denham Whereunto is annexed Clarendon's House Warming By an unknown Author," 1667), (9) "On Paradise Lost" (Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1674), (10) "The Loyal Scot" ("Poetical Remains of the Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Etheridge, Mr Milton, Mr Andrew Marvel, &c," edited by Charles Gildon, 1698, and "Corpus Poetarum," 1694)

At the end of 1680 or early in 1681 Marvell's wife published a collected edition of his "Miscellaneous Poems," in folio. This volume, which was carefully edited, contains almost all the non political poems in English, Latin, and

Greek, and is our chief authority as regards the text. It should contain an octagon portrait, often missing.

The Satires appeared in 1689, in several quarto pamphlets

- 1 "A Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, By A—— M——l, Esq, and other eminent wits" (Contains "Advice to a Painter," "Britannia and Raleigh," "The Statue at Stocks Market," and "Nostradamus' Prophecy")
- 2 "The Second Part of the Collection," &c "By A—— M——l, &c None whereof ever before printed" (Contains "A Dialogue between Two Horses," and "On the Lord Mayor and Aldermen presenting the King and Duke of York each with a copy of his freedom")
- 3 "The Third Part of the Collection," &c (Contains the "Last Instructions to a Painter")

All the satires were reprinted in the collection of "Poems on Affairs of State," 1703 7, 4 vols, 8vo, and in the spurious edition, "A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs," 1705

In 1726 Thomas Cooke published an edition of Marvell's Works, in 2 vols, 12mo, in which he added the political satires, and a few letters, to the poems in the 1681 edition. Cooke's edition was reprinted by Davies in 1772, and in 1776 Captain Thompson published the first full edition of the whole works. In his three 4to vols he made use of a MS commonplace book which afterwards disappeared, and while he printed several pieces obviously not Marvell's, he gave for the first time some of the poet's best work, and added the correspondence with the Mayor and Corporation of Hull, and the prose writings. An American edition of the poems appeared at Boston in 1857, and this volume was reprinted in England, with many additional errors, in 1870 and 1881. Dr Grosart's standard edition of Marvell's Works, in 4 vols, forms part of the "Fuller Worthies' Library," and was issued to subscribers in three forms, 4to, 8vo, and 12mo, between 1872 and 1875. In this edition several poems were printed for the first time, while it was shown that others have been wrongly attributed to Marvell, a great addition was made to the number of letters, and the whole of the works were annotated practically for the first time.

The prose works that can with certainty be claimed as Marvell's are as follows —

- 1 "The Rehearsal Transprosed," 1672, 12mo (There was a "Second Impression" early in 1673, but dated 1672, and a spurious "Second Edition Corrected," 1672)
- 2 "The Rehearsal Transprosed The Second Part By Andrew Marvell" 1673, 12mo
- 3 "Mr Smirke, or the Divine in Mode By Andreas Rivetus, Junior" 1676, 4to
- 4 "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England" 1677, 4to (Reprinted in folio, after Marvell's death)
- 5 "Remarks upon a late disingenuous discourse writ by one T D under the pretence *De Causa Dei* and of answering Mr John Howe's Letter and Postscript of God's Prescience By a Protestant" 1678, 8vo

For biography and criticism the following books and papers will be found useful Lives in the editions of Cooke, Thompson, and

Grosart, Life by John Dove, 1832, Life by Hartley Coleridge, 1832 and 1835, and in "Lives of the Northern Worthies," 1852 (this Life is the same as Dove's, with some notes added by Coleridge, a sketch by Henry Rogers, in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1844, and in his collected "Essays", anonymous articles in the *Retrospective Review*, vols x and xi, *Westminster Review*, January, 1833, *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1869 (an excellent article), and *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1891, articles by Mr C D Christie in the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, 1873, *Notes and Queries, passim*, Mr Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Dr Macdonald's *England's Antiphon*, Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*, *Archbishop Trench's Household Book of English Poetry*, and Mrs Hall's (*née* Marie Sibree) story, "Andrew Marvell and his Friends" (1875). For the general history of the time the following books, among others will be found useful The *Diaries* of Pepys and Evelyn, *Grammont's Memoirs*, *Clarendon's Life*, and *Continuation*, *Burnet's History of his own Time*, *Masson's Life of Milton*, *Christie's Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, *Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates*, *Grey's Debates*, *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, *Forneron's Louise de Keroualle*.

the Savile Correspondence, and articles in the Dictionary of National Biography. The Diaries of Narcissus Luttrell and Henry Sidney, Earl of Romsey, are sometimes of use, though they do not commence until shortly after Marvell's death.

## POEMS



# P O E M S

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## UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILLBOROW

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX

SEE how the arched earth  
Rise in a perfect hemisphere !  
The stiffest compass could not  
A line more circular and like,  
Nor softest pencil draw a brow  
So equal as this hill does bow ,  
It seems as for a model laid,  
And that the world by it was made  
Here learn, ye mountains more unjust,  
Which to abrupter greatness thrust,  
That do, with your hooch shouldered height,  
The earth deform, and heaven fright,  
For whose excrescence, ill designed,  
Nature must a new centre find,

10

Learn here those humble steps to tread,  
Which to securer glory lead  
See what a soft access, and wide,  
Lies open to its grassy side,  
Nor with the rugged path deters  
The feet of breathless travellers ,  
See then how courteous it ascends,  
And all the way it rises, bends,  
Nor for itself the height does gain,  
But only strives to raise the plain ,  
Yet thus it all the field commands,  
And in unenvied greatness stands,  
Discerning further than the cliff  
Of heaven daring Teneriff  
How glad the weary seamen haste,  
When they salute it from the mast !  
By night, the northern star their way  
Directs, and this no less by day  
Upon its crest, this mountain grave,  
A plume of aged trees does wave  
No hostile hand durst e er invade,  
With impious steel, the sacred shade ,  
For something always did appear  
Of the GREAT MASTER's terror there,  
And men could hear his armour still,  
Rattling through all the grove and hill  
Fear of the MASTER, and respect  
Of the great nymph, did it protect ,  
VERA, the nymph, that him inspired,

20

30

40

*UPON THE HILL AT BILLBOROW* 3

To whom he often here retired,  
And on these oaks engraved her name,—  
Such wounds alone these woods became,  
But ere he well the barks could part,  
Twas writ already in their heart,  
For they, 'tis credible, have sense,  
As we, of love and reverence, 50  
And underneath the coarser rind  
The genius of the house do bind  
Hence they successes seem to know,  
And in their Lord's advancement grow,  
Lut in no memory were seen,  
As under this, so straight and green,  
Yet now no further strive 'o shoot,  
Contented, if they fix their root,  
Nor to the wind's uncertain gust  
Their prudent heads too far entrust 60  
Only sometimes a fluttering breeze  
Discourses with the breathing trees,  
Which in their modest whispers name  
Those acts that swelled the cheeks of Fame  
" Much other groves, " say they, " than these,  
And other hills, him once did please  
Through groves of pikes he thundered then,  
And mountains raised of dying men.  
For all the civic garlands due  
To him, our branches are but few, 70  
Nor are our trunks enough to bear  
The trophies of one fertile year "

'Tis true, ye trees, nor ever spoke  
More certain oracles in oak,  
But peace, if you his favour prize  
That courage its own praises flies  
Therefore to your obscurer seats  
From his own brightness he retreats,  
Nor he the hills, without the groves,  
Nor height, but with retirement, loves.

## UPON APPLETON HOUSE

TO MY LORD FAIRFAX

WITHIN this sober frame expect  
Work of no foreign architect ,  
That unto caves the quarries drew  
And forests did to pastures hew ,  
Who, of his great design in pain ,  
Did for a model vault his brain ,  
Whose columns should so high be raised ,  
To arch the brows which on them gazed  
Why should, of all things, man, unruled ,  
Such unproportioned dwellings build ?  
The beasts are by their dens expressed ,  
And birds contrive an equal nest ,  
The low roofed tortoises do dwell  
In cases fit of tortoise shell ,  
No creature loves an empty space ,  
Their bodies measure out their place  
But he, superfluously spread ,  
Demands more room alive than dead ,  
And in his hollow palace goes ,  
Where winds, as he, themselves may lose

10

20

What need of all this marble crust,  
 To impark the wanton mole of dust,  
 That thinks by breadth the world to unite,  
 Though the first builders failed in height?  
 But all things are composed here,  
 Like nature, orderly, and near  
 In which we the dimensions find  
 Of that more sober age and mind,  
 When larger sized men did stoop  
 To enter at a narrow loop, 30  
 As practising, in doors so strait,  
 To strain themselves through Heaven's gate  
 And surely, when the after age  
 Shall hither come in pilgrimage,  
 These sacred places to adore,  
 By VERE and FAIRFA<sup>Y</sup> trod before,  
 Men will dispute how their extent  
 Within such dwarfish confines went,  
 And some will smile at this as well  
 As Romulus his bee like cell 40  
 Humility alone designs  
 Those short but admirable lines  
 By which, ungirt and unconstrained,  
 Things greater are in less contained  
 Let others vainly strive to immure  
 The circle in the quadrature!

22.—*Mole*, an unformed mass (Lat. “moles, Fr. “mole”)  
 The 1681 edition has “mose” a misprint

These holy mathematics can  
In every figure equal man  
Yet thus the laden house does sweat,  
And scarce endures the master great  
But, where he comes, the swelling hall  
Strirs, and the square grows spherical,  
More by his magnitude distressed,  
Than he is by its straitness pressed  
And too officiously it slight  
That in itself, which him delights  
So honour better lowness bears,  
Than that unwonted greatness wears,  
Height with a certain grace does bend,  
But low things clownishly ascend  
And yet what needs there here excuse,  
Where everything does answer use?  
Where neatness nothing can condemn,  
Nor pride invent what to contemn?  
A stately frontispiece of poor  
Adorns without the open door,  
Nor less the rooms within commends  
Daily new furniture of friends  
The house was built upon the place,  
Only as for a mark of grace,  
And for an inn to entertain  
Its Lord awhile, but not remain.  
Him Bishop's Hill or Denton may,

50

60

70

ANDREW MARVELL

Or Billborow, better hold than they  
But Nature here hath been so free,  
As if she said, "Leave this to me"  
Art would more neatly have defaced  
What she had laid so sweetly waste  
In fragrant gardens, shady woods,  
Deep meadows and transparent floods

80

While, with slow eyes, we these survey,  
And on each pleasant footstep stay,  
We opportunely may relate  
The progress of this house's fate  
A nunnery first gave it birth,  
(For virgin buildings oft brought forth,) 90  
And all that neighbour ruin shows  
The quarries whence this dwelling rose  
Near to this gloomy cloister's gates  
There dwelt the blooming virgin THWAITES,  
Fair beyond measure, and an heir,  
Which might deformity make fair,  
And oft she spent the summer's suns  
Discoursing with the subtle nuns,  
Whence, in these words, one to her weaved,  
As 'twere by chance, thoughts long conceived  
"Within this holy leisure, we  
Live innocently, as you see  
These walls restrain the world without,  
But hedge our liberty about,

100

These bars inclose that wider den  
Of those wild creatures, callèd men ,  
The cloister outward shuts its gates,  
And, from us, locks on them the grates  
Here we, in shining armour white,  
Like virgin amazons do fight,  
And our chaste lamps we hourly trim,  
Lest the great bridegroom find them dim  
Our orient breaths perfumed are  
With incense of incessant prayer ,  
And holy water of our tears  
Most strangely our complexion clears ,  
Not tears of grief, but such as those  
With which calm pleasure overflows,  
Or pity, when we look on you  
That live without this happy vow  
How should we grieve that must be seen,  
Each one a spouse, and each a queen ,  
And can in heaven hence behold  
Our brighter robes and crowns of gold !  
When we have prayed all oui beads  
Some one the holy legend reads,  
While all the rest with needles paint  
The face and graces of the Sunt ,  
But what the linen can't receive,  
They in their lives do interweave  
This work the Saints best represents,  
That serves for altar s ornaments  
But much it to our work would add,

310

120

If here your hand, your face, we had  
 By it we would our Lady touch , 130  
 Yet thus she you resembles much  
 Some of your features, as we sewed,  
 Through every shrine should be bestowed,  
 And in one beauty we would take  
 Enough 1 thousand Saints to make  
 And (for I dare not quench the fire  
 That me does for you) good inspire)  
 'Twere sacrilege a man to admit  
 To holy things, for heaven fit  
 I see the angels, in a crown, 140  
 On you the lilies showering down  
 And round about you, glory breaks,  
 That something more than human speaks  
 All beauty when at such a height  
 Is so already consecrate  
 FAIRFAX I know, and long ere this  
 Have marked the youth, and wht he is ,  
 But can he such a rival seem,  
 For whom you Heaven should disesteem ? 150  
 Ah, no ! and 'twould moe honour prove  
 He your devoto were than love  
 Here live belovèd and obeyed,  
 Each one your sister, each your maid,  
 And, if our rule seemed strictly penned,  
 The rule itself to you shall bend

Our Abbess, too, now far in age,  
Doth your succession near presage  
How soft the yoke on us would lie  
Might such fair hands as yours it tie ! 160

Your voice, the sweetest of the chou,  
Shall draw heaven nearer, raise us higher,  
And your example, if our head,  
Will soon us to perfection lead  
Those virtues to us all so dear,  
Will straight grow sanctity when here ,  
And that, once sprung, increase so fast,  
Till miracles it work at last  
Nor is our order yet so nice,  
Delight to banish as a vice 170

Here Pleasure Piety doth meet,  
One perfecting the other sweet ,  
So through the mortal fruit we boil  
The sugar s uncorrupting oil,  
And that which perished while we pull,  
Is thus preservèd clear and full  
For such indeed are all our arts,  
Still handling Nature s finest parts  
Flowers dress the altars , for the clothes  
The sea born amber we compose , 180

Balms for the grieved we draw and pastes  
We mould as baits for curious tastes  
What need is here of man, unless

These is sweet sins we should confess ?  
 Each night among us to your side  
 Appoint a fresh and virgin bride,  
 Whom, if our Lord at midnight find,  
 Yet neither should be left behind !  
 Where you may lie is chiste in bed  
 As pearls together billeted  
 All night embracinz, arm in arm,  
 Like crystal pure, with cotton warm  
 But what is this to all the store  
 Of joys you see, and may make more ?  
 Try but awhile, if you be wise  
 The trial neither costs nor ties '  
 Now, FAIRFAV, seek her promised faith ,  
 Religion that dispensed hath,  
 Which she henceforward does begin  
 The nun s smooth tongue has sucked her in  
 Oft, though he knew it was in vain,  
 Yet would he valiantly complain  
 "Is this that sanctity so great,  
 An art by which you finelier cheat ?  
 Hypocrite, witches, hence avaunt,  
 Who, though in prison, yet enchant !  
 Death only can such thieves make fast,  
 As rob, though in the dungeon cast  
 Were there but, when this house w<sup>s</sup> made,  
 One stone that a just hand had laid,  
 It must have fallen upon her head  
 Who first thee from thy faith misled

190

200

210

And yet, how well soever meant,  
 With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent,  
 For like themselves they alter all,  
 And vice infects the very wall,  
 But sure those buildings last not long,  
 Founded by folly, kept by wrong  
 I know what fruit their gardens yield,  
 When they it think by night concealed  
 Fly from their vices 'tis thy state,  
 Not thee, that they would consecrate  
 Fly from their ruin how I fear,  
 Though guiltless, lest 'thou perish there !

220

What should he do ? He would respect  
 Religion, but not right neglect  
 For first, religion taught him right  
 And dazzled not, but cleared his sight  
 Sometimes, resolved, his sword he draws,  
 But reverenceh then the laws,  
 For justice still that courage led,  
 First from a judge, then soldier bred  
 Small honour would be in the storm ,  
 The court him grants the lawful form,  
 Which licensed either peace or force,  
 To hinder the unjust divorce  
 Yet still the nuns his right debarred,  
 Standing upon their holy guard  
 Ill counselled women, do you know  
 Whom you resist, or what you do ?  
 Is not this he, whose offspring fierce

230

240'

Shall fight through all the universe ,  
And with successive valour try  
France, Poland, either Germany,  
Till one, as long since prophesied  
His horse through conquered Britain ride ?  
Yet, against fate, his spouse they kept,  
And the great race would intercept  
Some to the breach, against their foes,  
Their wooden Saints in vain oppose ,  
Another, bolder, stands at push,  
With their old holy water brush ,  
While the disjointed Abbess threads  
The jingling chain shot of her beads ,  
But their loud st cannon were their lungs,  
And sharpest weapons were their tongues  
But, waving these aside like flies,  
Young FAIRFAX through the wall does rise  
Then the unfrequented vault appeared,  
And superstitions, vainly feared ,  
The relics false were set to view ,  
Only the jewels there were true ,  
But truly bright and holy THWAITES,  
That weeping at the altar waits  
But the glad youth away her bears,  
And to the nuns bequeathes her tears,  
Who guiltily their prize bemoan,  
Like gipsies that a child have stolen  
Thenceforth (as, when the enchantment ends,  
The castle vanishes or rends)

250

260

270

The wasting cloister, with the rest,  
Was, in one instant, dispossessed  
At the demolishing, this seat  
To FAIRFAX fell, as by escheat,  
And wht both nuns and founders willed,  
'Tis likely better thus fulfilled  
For if the virgin proved not theirs,  
The cloister yet remained hers,  
Though many a nun there made her vow,  
'Twas no religious house till now  
From that blest bed the hero came  
Whom France and Poland yet does fame ,  
Who, when retired here to peace,  
His warlike studies could not cease  
But laid these gardens out in sport  
In the just figure of a fort,  
And with five bastions it did fence,  
As aiming one for every sense  
When in the east the morning ray  
Hangs out the colours of the day,  
The bee through these known alleys hums,  
Beating the dian with its drums  
Then flowers their drowsy eyelids raise,  
Their silken ensigns each displays,  
And dries its pan yet dank with dew,  
And fills its flask with odours new

292 —French 'diane, the reveillé

295, 296.—The 'pan' of the musket lock and the "flask of the powder horn.

These, as their Governor goes by,  
In fragrant volleys they let fly,  
And to salute their Governess  
Again as great a charge they press  
None for the virgin nymph, for she  
Seems with the flowers, a flower to be  
And think so still! though not compaine  
With breath so sweet, or cheek so fair!  
Well shot, ye firemen! Oh how swee  
And round your equal fires do meet,  
Whose shrill report no ear can tell,  
But echoes to the eye and smell!  
See how the flowers, as at parade,  
Under their colours stand dispaycd,  
Each regiment in order grows,  
That of the tulip, pink, and rose  
But when the vigilant patrol  
Of stars walks round about the pole,  
Their leaves that to the stalks are curled  
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled  
Then in some flower's beloved hut,  
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,  
And sleeps so too, but, if once stirred,  
She runs you through, nor asks the word  
Oh thou, that dear and happy isle,  
The garden of the world erewhile,  
Thou Paradise of the four seas,  
Which Heaven planted us to please,  
But, to exclude the world, did guard

With watery, if not flaming sword,—  
What luckless apple did we taste,  
To make us mortal, and thee waste?  
Unhappy! shall we never more  
That sweet militia restore, 330  
When gardens only had their towers  
And all the garrisons were flowers  
When roses only arms might bear,  
And men did rosy gairlands wear?  
Tulips, in several colours baried,  
Were then the Switzers of our guard,  
The gardener had the soldier's place,  
And his more gentle forts did trace,  
The nursery of all things green  
Was then the only magazinē 340  
The winter quarters weie the stoves,  
Where he the tender plants removes  
But war all this doth overgrow  
We ordnance plant, and powder sow  
And yet there walks one on the sod,  
Who, had it pleased him and God,  
Might once have made our gardens spring  
Fresh as his own, and flourishing  
But he preferred to the Cinque Ports  
These five imaginary forts, 350  
And, in those half dry trenches, spanned  
Power which the ocean might command  
For he did, with his utmost skill,  
Ambition weed, but conscience till,

Conscience, that heaven nursed plant,  
 Which most our earthly gardens want  
 A prickling leaf it bears, and such  
 As that which shrinks at every touch,  
 But flowers eternal, and divine,  
 That in the crowns of Saints do shine 360

The sight does from these bastions ply,  
 The invisible artillery,  
 And at proud Cawood Castle seems  
 To point the battery of its beams,  
 As if it quarrelled in the seat,  
 The ambition of its prelate great,  
 But o'er the meads below it plays,  
 Or innocently seems to gaze  
 And now to the abyss I pass  
 Of that unfathomable grass, 370

Where men like grasshoppers appear,  
 But grasshoppers are giants there  
 They, in their squeaking laugh, contemn  
 Us as we walk more low than them,  
 And from the precipices tall  
 Of the green spires to us do call  
 To see men through this meadow dive,  
 We wonder how they rise alive,  
 As, under water, none does know  
 Whether he fall through it or go, 380

But, as the mariners that sound,  
 And show upon their lead the ground,  
 They bring up flowers so to be seen

And prove they've at the bottom been  
 No scene, that turns with engines strange,  
 Does oftener than these meadows change,  
 For when the sun the grass hath vexed,  
 The tawny mowers enter next,  
 Who seem like Israelites to be  
 Walking on foot through a green sea.

390

To them the grassy deeps divide,  
 And crowd a lane to either side,  
 With whistling scythe and elbow strong  
 These massacre the grass along,  
 While one, unknowing, carves the rail,  
 Whose yet unfeathered quills her fail,  
 The edge all bloody from its breast  
 He draws, and does his stroke detest,  
 Fearing the flesh, untimely mowed,  
 To him a fate as black forebode

400

But bloody Thestylis, that waits  
 To bring the mowing camp their cates,  
 Greedy as kite, has trussed it up  
 And forthwith means on it to sup,  
 When on another quick she lights,  
 And cries, "He called us Israelites,  
 But now, to make his saying true,  
 Rails rain for quails, for manna dew"  
 Unhappy birds! what does it boot  
 To build below the grass's root,

410

395 —The land rail or corn-crake a field bird

When lowness is unsafe as height,  
 And chance o'ertakes what 'scapeth spite ?  
 And now your orphan parent s call  
 Sounds your untimely funeral ,  
 Death trumpets creak in such a note,  
 And tis the sourdine in their throat  
 Or sooner hatch, or higher build ,  
 The mower now commands the field,  
 In whose new traverse seemeth wrought  
 A camp of battle newly fought  
 Where, as the meads with hay the plain  
 Lies quilted o'er with bodies slain  
 The women that with forks it fling  
 Do represent the pillaging  
 And now the careless victors play,  
 Dancing the triumphs of the hay,  
 Where every mower s wholesome heat  
 Smells like an ALEXANDER's sweat ,  
 Their females fragrant as the mead  
 Which they in fairy circles tread  
 When at their dance s end they kiss,  
 Their new made hay not sweeter is ,  
 When, after this, 'tis piled in cocks,  
 Like a calm sea it shews the rocks,  
 We wondering in the river near  
 How boats among them safely steer ,  
 Or, like the desert Memphis' sand,

420

430

Short pyramids of hay do stand ,  
And such the Roman camps do rise  
In hills for soldiers' obsequies

440

This scene, again withdrawing, brings  
A new and empty face of things ,  
A levelled space, as smooth and plain,  
As clothes for LILLY stretched to stain  
The world when first created sure  
Was such a table rase and pure ,  
Or rather such is the Toril,  
Ere the bulls enter at Madnl ,  
For to this naked equal flat,  
Which levellers take pattern at, 450  
The villagers in common chase  
Their cattle, which it closer rase ,  
And what below the scythe increased  
Is pinched yet nearer by the beast  
Such, in the painted world, appeared  
Davenant, with the universal herd  
They seem within the polished grass  
A landscape drawn in looking glass ,  
And shrunk in the huge pasture, show  
As spots, so shaped, on faces do ,  
Such fleas, ere they approach the eye,

460

439 — *Rise*, raise444 — *Lilly*, an eminent cloth dyer

447 — The arena of the bull fights

448 — Madrid a common seventeenth century form

452 — *Rase* crop

In multiplying glasses lie  
 They feed so wide, so slowly move,  
 As constellations do above  
 Then, to conclude these pleasant acts,  
 Denton sets ope its cataracts,  
 And makes the meadow truly be  
 (What it but seemed before) a sea,  
 For, jealous of its Lord's long stay,  
 It tries to invite him thus away  
 The river in itself is drowned,  
 And isles the astonished cattle round

Let others tell the paradox,  
 How eels now bellow in the ox,  
 How horses at their tails do kick,  
 Turned, as they hang, to leeches quick,  
 How boats can over bridges sail,  
 And fishes do the stables scale,  
 How salmons trespassing are found,  
 And pikes are taken in the pound,  
 But I, retiring from the flood,  
 Take sanctuary in the wood,  
 And, while it lasts, myself embark  
 In this yet green, yet growing ark,  
 Where the first carpenter might best  
 Fit timber for his keel have pressed,  
 And where all creatures might have shares,  
 Although in armies, not in pairs  
 The double wood, of ancient stock,  
 Linked in so thick an union locks,

470

480

490

It like two pedigrees appears,  
On one hand FAIRFAX, th other VERES  
Of whom though many fell in war,  
Yet more to Heaven shooting are  
And, as they Nature's cradle decked,  
Will, in green age, her hearse expect  
When first the eye this forest sees,  
It seems indeed as wood, not trees,  
As if their neighbourhood so old  
To one great trunk them all did mould       500  
There the huge bulk takes place, as meant  
To thrust up a fifth element,  
And stretches still so closely wedged,  
As if the night within were hedged  
Dark all without it knits, within  
It opens passable and thin,  
And in as loose an order grows,  
As the Corinthian porticos  
The arching boughs unite between  
The columns of the temple green,       510  
And underneath the wingèd quires  
Echo about their tuned fires  
The nightingale does here make choice  
To sing the trials of her voice,  
Low shrubs she sits in, and adorns  
With music high the squatted thorns,  
But highest oaks stoop down to hear,  
And listening elders prick the ear,  
The thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws

Within the skin its shrunken claws  
But I have for my music found  
A sadder, yet more pleasing sound  
The stock doves, whose fair necks are graced  
With nuptial rings, their ensigns chaste,  
Yet always, for some cause unknown,  
Sad pair, unto the elms they moan  
O why should such a couple mourn,  
That in so equal flames do burn  
Then as I careless on the bed  
Of gelid strawberries do tread,  
And through the hazels thick espied  
The hatching thrush's shining eye,  
The heron, from the ash's top,  
The eldest of its young lets drop,  
As if it stork like did pretend  
That tribute to its Lord to send  
But most the hewel's wonders are,  
Who here has the holtfelster's care,  
He walks still upright from the root,  
Measuring the timber with his foot,  
And all the way, to keep it clean,  
Doth from the bark the wood moths glean,  
He, with his beak, examines well  
Which fit to stand, and which to fell,  
The good he numbers up, and hacks  
As if he marked them with the axe.

But where he, tinkling with his beak,  
Does find the hollow oak to speak,  
That for his building he designs,  
And through the tainted side he mines      550  
Who could have thought the tallest oak  
Should fall by such a feeble stroke?  
Nor would it, had the tree not fed  
A traitor worm, within it bred,  
(As first our flesh, corrupt within,  
Tempts impotent and bashful sin,)      560  
And yet that worm triumphs not long,  
But serves to feed the hewel's young,  
While the oak seems to fall content,  
Viewing the treason's punishment

Thus, I, easy philosophier,  
Among the birds and trees conifer,  
And little now to make me wants  
Or of the fowls, or of the plants  
Give me but wings as they, and I  
Straight floating on the air shall fly,  
Or turn me but, and you shall see  
I was but an inverted tree  
Already I begin to call  
In their most learned original,      570  
And, where I language want, my signs  
The bird upon the bough divines,  
And more attentive there doth sit  
Than if she were with lime twigs knit  
No leaf does tremble in the wind,

Which I returning cannot find ,  
 Out of these scattered Sibyls leaves  
 Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,  
 And in one history consumes,  
 Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes , 580  
 What Rome, Greece, Palestint, e'er said  
 I in this light mosaic read  
 Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,  
 Hath read in Nature's mystic book !  
 And see how chances better wit  
 Could with a mask my studies hit '  
 The oak leaves me embroider all,  
 Between which caterpillars crawl  
 And ivy, with famihar trails,  
 Ye licks and clasps, and curls and hales 590  
 Under this antic cope I move  
 Like some great prelate of the grove ,  
 Then, languishing with ease, I toss  
 On pallets swollen of velvet moss,  
 While the wind, cooling through the boughs,  
 Flatters with air my panting brows  
 Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,  
 And unto you, cool zephyrs, thinks,  
 Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,  
 And winnow from the chaff my head ' 600  
 How safe, methinks, and strong behind  
 These trees, have I encamped my mind ,

Where beauty, aiming at the heart,  
Bends in some tree its useless dart,  
And where the world no certain shot  
Can make, or me it toucheth not,  
But I on it securely play,  
And gall its horsemen all the day  
Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines ;  
Curl me about, ye gadding vines , 610  
And oh, so close your circles lace,  
That I may never leave this place !  
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,  
Ere I your silken bondage break,  
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,  
And, courteous briars, nail me through !  
Here in the morning tie my chain,  
Where the two woods have made a lane,  
While, like a guard on either side,  
The trees before their Lord divide , 620  
This, like a long and equal thread,  
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead  
But, where the floods did lately drown,  
There at the evening stake me down ,  
For now the waves are fallen and dried,  
And now the meadows fresher dyed,  
Whose grass, with moisture colour dashed,  
Seems as green silks but newly washed  
No serpent new, nor crocodile,  
Remains behind our little Nile , 630  
Unless itself you will mistake

Among these meads the only snake  
 See in what wanton harmless folds  
 It everywhere the meadow holds,  
 And its yet muddy back doth lick,  
 Till as a crystal mirror slick,  
 Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt  
 If they be in it, or without,  
 And for his shade which therein shines,  
 Narcissus like, the sun too pines  
 Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hedge  
 My temples here with heavy sedge ,  
 Abandoning my lazy side,  
 Stretched as a bank unto the tide ,  
 Or to suspend my sliding foot  
 On the osier s undermined root,  
 And in its branches tough to hang,  
 While at my lines the fishes twang '  
 But now away my hooks, my quills,  
 And angles, idle utensils !

640

The young MARIA walks to night  
 Hide, trifling youth, thy pleasures slight ,  
 'Twere shame that such judicious eyes  
 Should with such toys a man surprise ,  
 She that already is the law  
 Of all her sex, her age's awe  
 See how loose Nature, in respect  
 To her, itself doth recollect,

650

And every thing so whisht and fine,  
Starts forthwith into its *bonne mine* 660  
The sun himself of her aware,  
Seems to descend with greater care,  
And, lest she see him go to bed,  
In blushing clouds conceals his head  
So when the shadows laid asleep  
From underneath these banks do creep,  
And on the river, as it flows,  
With ebon shuts begin to close,  
The modest halcyon comes in sight,  
Flying betwixt the day and night, 670  
And such a horror calm and dumb,  
Admiring Nature does benumb,  
The viscous air, wheres er she fly,  
Follows and sucks her azure dye,  
The jellying stream compacts below,  
If it might fix her shadow so  
The stupid fishes hang, as plain  
As flies in crystal oveita'en  
And men the silent scene assist,  
Charmed with the sapphire wingèd mist 680  
MARIA such, and so doth hush  
The world, and through the evening rush  
No new born comet such a train  
Draws through the sky, nor star new slain  
For straight those giddy rockets fail,

Which from the putrid earth exhale ,  
But by her flames, in Heaven tried,  
Nature is wholly vitrified  
    'Tis she that to these gardens gave  
    That wondrous beauty which they have ,      690  
    She straightness on the woods bestows ,  
    To her the meadow sweetness owes ,  
    Nothing could make the river be  
    So crystal pure, but only she,  
    She yet more pure, sweet, straight, and fair  
    Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are  
    Therefore what first she on them spent,  
    They gratefully again present ,  
    The meadow carpets where to tread,  
    The garden flowers to crown her head,      700  
    And for a glass the limpid brook,  
    Where she may all her beauties look ,  
    But, since she would not have them seen,  
    The wood about her draws a screen  
    For she to higher beauties raised,  
    Disdains to be for lesser praised  
    She counts her beauty to converse  
    In all the languages as hers ,  
    Nor yet in those herself employs,  
    But for the wisdom, not the noise ,      710  
    Nor yet that wisdom would affect,  
    But as tis Heaven s dialect  
    Blest nymph ! that couldst so soon prevent  
    Those trains by youth against thee meant ,

Tears (watery shot that pierce the mind,)  
 And sighs (Love's cannon charged with wind,)  
 True praise (that breaks through all defence,)  
 And feigned complying innocence,  
 But knowing where this ambush lay,  
 She 'scaped the safe, but roughest way  
 This tis to have been from the first  
 In a domestic Heaven nursed,  
 Under the discipline severe  
 Of FAIRFAX, and the starry VERE,  
 Where not one object can come nigh  
 But pure, and spotless as the eye,  
 And goodness doth itself entail  
 On females, if there want a male

720

Go now, fond sex, that on your face  
 Do all your useless study place,  
 Nor once at vice your brows dare knit,  
 Lest the smooth forehead wrinkled sit  
 Yet your own face shall at you grin,  
 Thorough the black bag of your skin,  
 When knowledge only could have filled,  
 And virtue all those furrows tilled  
 Hence she with graces more divine  
 Supplies beyond her sex the line,  
 And, like a sprig of mistletoe,  
 On the Fairfacian oak does grow,  
 Whence, for some universal good,  
 The priest shall cut the sacred bud,  
 While her glad parents most rejoice

730

740

And make their destiny their choice  
 Meantime, ye fields, springs, bushes, flowers,  
 Where yet she leads her studious hours,  
 (Till Fate her worthily translates  
 And find a FAIRFAX for our THWAITES,) 750  
 Employ the means you have by her,  
 And in your kind yourselves prefer ,  
 That, as all virgins she precedes,  
 So you all woods, streams, gardens, meads  
 For you, Thessalian Tempe's seat  
 Shall now be scorned as obsolete  
 Aranjuez, as less, disdained ,  
 The Bel Retiro, as constrained ,  
 But name not the Idalian grove,  
 For 'twas the seat of wanton love ,  
 Much less the dead's Elysian fields  
 Yet nor to them your beauty yields 760  
 'Tis not, as once appeared the world,  
 A heap confused together hurled ,  
 All negligently overthrown,  
 Gulfs, deserts, precipices, stone ,  
 Your lesser world contains the same,  
 But in more decent order tame ,  
 You, Heaven's centre, Nature's lap  
 And Paradise's only map  
 And now the salmon-fishers moist

755 —A town and royal residence thirty miles from Madrid

756 —Buen Retiro another palace near Madrid

Their leathern boats begin to hoist , 770  
And, like Antipodes in shoes,  
Have shod their heads in their canoes  
How tortoise like, but not so slow,  
These rational amphibu go !  
Let's in , for the dark hemisphere  
Does now like one of them appear

## THE CORONET

WHEN for the thorns with which I long, too long,  
With many a piercing wound,  
My Saviour's head have crowned,  
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong,—  
Through every garden, every mead,  
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),  
Dismantling all the fragrant towers  
That once adorned my shepherdess's head  
And now, when I have summed up all my store,  
Thinking (so I myself deceive)  
So rich a chaplet thence to weave  
As never yet the King of Glory wore,  
Alas ! I find the Serpent old,  
That, twining in his speckled breast,  
About the flowers disguised, does fold  
With wreaths of fame and interest  
Ah, foolish man, that wouldest debase with them,  
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem !  
But thou who only couldst the Serpent tame,  
Either his slippery knots at once untie,  
And disentangle all his winding snare,

Or shatter too with him my curious frame,  
And let these wither—so that he may die—  
Though set with skill, and chosen out with care ,  
That they, while thou on both their spoils dost tread,  
May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head

22 — Frame of flowers

## EYES AND TEARS

How wisely Nature did decree  
With the same eyes to weep and see ,  
That, having viewed the object vain,  
They might be ready to complain !  
And, since the self deluding sight  
In a false angle takes each height,  
These tears, which better measure all,  
Like watery lines and plummets fall  
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh  
Within the scales of either eye ,  
And then paid out in equal poise ,  
Are the true price of all my joys  
What in the world most fair appears ,  
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears ,  
And all the jewels which we prize  
Melt in these pendants of the eyes  
I have through every garden been ,  
Amongst the red, the white, the green ,  
And yet from all the flowers I saw ,  
No honey, but these tears could draw  
So the all seeing sun each day  
Dist ls the world with chymic ray ,

10

20

But finds the essence only showers,  
 Which straight in pity back he pours  
 Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,  
 That weep the more, and see the less,  
 And, to preserve their sight more true,  
 Bathe still their eyes in their own dew  
 So Magdalen in tears more wise  
 Dissolved those captivating eyes, 30  
 Whose liquid chains could flowing meet  
 To fetter her Redeemer's feet  
 Not full sails hastening loaden home,  
 Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,  
 Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair  
 As two eyes swollen with weeping are  
 The sparkling glance that shoots desire,  
 Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire,  
 Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,  
 And here the hissing lightning slakes 40  
 The incense was to Heaven dear,  
 Not as a perfume, but a tear,  
 And stars shew lovely in the night,  
 But as they seem the tears of light  
 Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,  
 And practise so your noblest use,

29 32 — ' Magdala, lascivos sic quum dimisit amantes  
 Fervidaque in castas lumina solvit aquas  
 Haesit in irriguo lacrymarum compede Christus,  
 Et tenuit sacros uda catena pedes  
 (Footnote in 1681 edition )

For others too can see, or sleep,  
But only human eyes can weep  
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,  
And at each tear, in distance stop ,  
Now, like two fountains, trickle down ,  
Now, like two floods, o'erturn and drown  
Thus let your streams overflow your springs,  
Till eyes and tears be the same things ,  
And each the other's difference bears,  
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears

### BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat, that rowed along,  
The listening winds received this song

“ What should we do but sing His praise,  
That led us through the watery maze,  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs , 10  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate s rage  
He gave us this eternal spring,  
Which here enamels every thing,  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
On daily visits through the air ,  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows , 20  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,

And throws the melons at our feet ,  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice ,  
With cedars chosen by His hand,  
From Lebanon, He stores the land,  
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore ,  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound His name  
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,  
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,  
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may  
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay "

30

Thus sung they, in the English boat,  
An holy and a cheerful note ,  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time

40

## CLORINDA AND DAMON

*Clorinda* DAMON, come drive thy flocks this way  
*Damon* No 'tis too late they went astray  
*Clorinda* I have a grassy scutcheon spied,  
Where Flora blazons all her pride,  
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,  
The flowers I for thy temples keep  
*Damon* Grass withers, and the flowers too iade  
*Clorinda* Seize the short joys then, ere they vade  
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?  
*Damon* That den? 10  
*Clorinda* Love's shrine  
*Damon* But virtue's grave  
*Clorinda* In whose cool bosom we may lie,  
Safe from the sun  
*Damon* Not Heaven's eye  
*Clorinda* Near this, a fountain's liquid bell  
Tinkles within the concave shell  
*Damon* Might a soul bathe there and be clean,  
Or slake its drought?  
*Clorinda* What is't you mean?

*Damon* These once had been enticing things,  
Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs.

*Clorinda* And what late change?

*Damon* The other day

Pan met me

20

*Clorinda* What did great Pan say?

*Damon* Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill,  
But he e er since my songs does fill,  
And his name swells my slender oat

*Clorinda* Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note

*Damon* Clorinda's voice might make it sweet

*Clorinda* Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

*Chorus* Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,  
Caves echo, and the fountains ring  
Sing then while he doth us inspire,  
For all the world is our Pan s quire

[30

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL  
AND BODY

*Soul*      O, who shall from this dungeon raise  
A soul enslaved so many ways?  
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands  
In feet, and manacled in hands,  
Here blinded with an eye, and there  
Deaf with the drumming of an ear,  
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains  
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins,  
Tortured, besides each other part,  
In a vain head, and double heart?      10

*Body*      O, who shall me deliver whole  
From bonds of this tyrannic soul?  
Which, stretched upright, impales me so  
That mine own precipice I go,  
And warms and moves this needless frame,  
(A fever could but do the same,)  
And, wanting where its spite to try,  
Has made me live to let me die  
A body that could never rest  
Since this ill spirit it possessed      20

*Soul*      What magic could me thus confine  
Within another's grief to pine ?  
Where, whatsoever it complain,  
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain ,  
And all my care itself employs,  
That to preserve which me destroys ,  
Constrained not only to endure  
Diseases, but, what s worse, the cure ,  
And, ready oft the port to gain,  
Am shipwrecked into health again

30

*Body*      But Physic yet could never reach  
The maladies thou me dost teach ,  
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear,  
And then the palsy shakes of fear ,  
The pestilence of love does heat,  
Or hatred s hidden ulcer eat ,  
Joy s cheerful madness does perplex,  
Or sorrow's other madness vex ,  
Which knowledge forces me to know,  
And memory will not forego ,  
What but a soul could have the wit  
To build me up for sin so fit ?  
So architects do square and hew  
Green trees that in the forest grew

40

## A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE

COURAGE, my soul ! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ,  
Close on thy head thy helmet bright ,  
Balance thy sword against the fight ,  
See where an army, strong as fair,  
With silken banners spreads the air !  
Now, if thou be st that thing divine,  
In this day s combat let it shine,  
And show that Nature wants an art  
To conquer one resolved heart

10

*Pleasure*      Welcome the creation s guest,  
Lord of earth, and Heaven s heir !  
Lay aside that warlike crest,  
And of Nature s banquet share ,  
Where the souls of fruits and flowers  
Stand prepared to heighten yours

*Soul*      I sup above, and cannot stay,  
To bait so long upon the way

*Pleasure* On these downy pillows lie,  
 Whose soft plumes will thither fly 20  
 On these roses, strowed so plain  
 Lest one leaf thy side should strain

*Soul* My gentler rest is on a thought,  
 Conscious of doing what I ought

*Pleasure* If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,  
 Such as oft the gods appeased,  
 Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,  
 Like another god below

*Soul* A soul that knows not to presume,  
 Is Heaven s, and its own, perfume 30

*Pleasure* Everything does seem to vie  
 Which should first attract thine eye  
 But since none deserves that grace,  
 In this crystal view thy face

*Soul* When the Creator's skill is prized,  
 The rest is all but earth disguised

*Pleasure* Hark how music then prepares  
 For thy stay these charming airs,  
 Which the posting winds recall,  
 And suspend the river s fall 40

*Soul* Had I but any time to lose,  
On this I would it all dispose  
Cease, tempter ! None can chain a mind,  
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind

*Chorus* Earth cannot show so brave a sight,  
As when a single soul does fence  
The batteries of alluring sense,  
And Heaven views it with delight.  
Then persevere , for still new charges  
sound,  
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be  
crowned

50

*Pleasure* All that's costly, fair, and sweet,  
Which scatteringly doth shine,  
Shall within one beauty meet,  
And she be only thine

*Soul* If things of sight such heavens be,  
What heavens are those we cannot see ?

*Pleasure* Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go  
The minted gold shall lie,  
Till thou purchase all below,  
And want new worlds to buy

60

*Soul* Wer't not for price who'd value gold ?  
And that s worth naught that can be sold

*Pleasure*      Wilt thou all the glory have  
                   That war or peace commend?  
                   Half the world shall be thy slave,  
                   The other half thy friend

*Soul*      What friend, if to myself untrue?  
                   What slaves, unless I captive you?

*Pleasure*      Thou shalt know each hidden cause,  
                   And see the future time,  
                   Try what depth the centre draws,  
                   And then to Heaven climb

70

*Soul*      None thither mounts by the degree  
                   Of knowledge, but humility

*Chorus*      Triumph triumph, victorious soul!  
                   The world has not one pleasure more.  
                   The rest does lie beyond the pole,  
                   And is thine everlasting store

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE  
DEATH OF HER FAWN

THE wanton troopers riding by  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die  
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive  
Who killed thee Thou ne'er didst alive  
Them any harm, alas ! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good  
I m sure I never wished them ill ,  
Nor do I for all this, nor will  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murdei, I will join my tears,  
Rather than fail But, O my fears !  
It cannot die so Heaven's king  
Keeps register of everything,  
And nothing may we use in vain ,  
Even beasts must be with justice slain,  
Else men are made their deodands  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life blood which doth part  
From thine, and wound me to the heart.

17—*Deodands* forfeits to God

Yet could they not be clean , their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain  
There is not such another in  
The world, to offer for their sin

Unconstant SYLVIO, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning (I remember well),  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me nay, and I know  
What he said then, I'm sure I do  
Sa d he, " Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer "  
But SYLVIO soon had me beguiled ,  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,  
And quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
My solitary time away  
With this , and, very well content,  
Could so mine idle life have spent ,  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Offoot and heart, and did invite  
Me to its game it seemed to bless  
Itself in me , how could I less  
Than love it? O, I cannot be  
Unkind to a beast that loveth me

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it too might have done so  
As SYLVIO did , his gifts might be

30

40

THE NYMPH AND THE FAWN 51

Perhaps as false, or more, than he , 50  
But I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better then  
The love of false and cruel men  
With sweetest milk and sugar first  
I it at my own fingers nursed ,  
And as it grew, so every day  
It waxed more white and sweet than they  
It had so sweet a breath ! And oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft 60  
And white, shall I say than my hand ?  
Nay, any lady's of the land  
It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet ,  
With what a pretty skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race ,  
And, when't had left me far away,  
Twould stay, and run again, and stay ,  
For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds 70  
I have a garden of my own ,  
But so with roses overgrown ,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness ,  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It only lovèd to be there

53 — *Then* than The old spelling is here preserved for the sake of the rhyme

Among the beds of lilies I  
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie,  
 Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
 Find it, although before mine eyes , 80  
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
 It like a bank of lilies laid  
 Upon the roses it would feed,  
 Until its lips e'en seem to bleed  
 And then to me twould boldly trip,  
 And print those roses on my lip  
 But all its chief delight was still  
 On roses thus itself to fill,  
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold 90  
 Had it lived long, it would have been  
 Lilies without, roses within  
 O help ! O help ! I see it faint  
 And die as calmly as a saint !  
 See how it weeps ! the tears do come  
 Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum  
 So weeps the wounded balsam , so  
 The holy frankincense doth flow ,  
 The brotherless Heliades  
 Melt in such amber tears as these 100  
 I in a golden vial will  
 Keep these two crystal tears, and fill  
 It till it do o'erflow with mine,  
 Then place it in DIANA's shrine  
 Now my sweet fawn is vanished to

Whither the swans and turtles go,  
In fair Elysium to endure,  
With milk like lambs, and ermines pure  
O do not run too fast for I  
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die

110

First, my unhappy statue shall  
Be cut in marble, and withal,  
Let it be weeping too, but there  
The engraver sure his art may spare,  
For I so truly thee bemoan,  
That I shall weep, though I be stone,  
Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there,  
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest alabaster made,

120

For I would have thine image be  
White as I can, though not as thee

1

## YOUNG LOVE

## I

COME, little infant, love me now,  
 While thine unsuspected years  
 Clear thine aged' father's brow  
 From cold jealousy and fears

## II

Pretty surely twere to see  
 By young Love old Time beguiled  
 While our sportings are as free  
 As the nurse's with the child

## III

Common beauties stay fifteen,  
 Such as yours should swifter move,  
 Whose fair blossoms are too green  
 Yet for lust, but not for love

10

## IV

Love as much the snowy lamb,  
 Or the wanton kid, does prize,  
 As the lusty bull or ram,  
 For his morning sacrifice

9 —Stay till fifteen before they are loved

## V

Now then love me Time may take  
Thee before thy time away,  
Of this need we'll virtue make,  
And learn love before we may

20

## VI

So we win of doubtful Fate,  
And, if good she to us meant,  
We that good shall antedate,  
Or, if ill, that ill prevent

## VII

Thus as kingdoms, frustrating  
Other titles to their crown,  
In the cradle crown their king,  
So all foreign claims to drown,

## VIII

So to make all rivals vain,  
Now I crown thee with my love  
Crown me with thy love again,  
And we both shall monarchs prove

30

24 —*Prevent*, anticipate

## TO HIS COY MISTRESS

HAD we but world enough, and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime  
We would sit down, and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain I would  
Love you ten years before the flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews , 10  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires and more slow ,  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ,  
Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest ,  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate 20  
But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,

And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity  
Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song, then worms shall try  
That long preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace

30

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour,  
Than languish in his slow chapt power  
Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,  
Thorough the iron gates of life,  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run

40

40 —Slow devouring jaws “ Chap is the jaw

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER

ALAS ! how pleasant are their days,  
With whom the infant love yet plays !  
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen  
By fountains cool and shadows green ,  
But soon these flames do lose their light,  
Like meteors of a summer's night ,  
Nor can they to that region climb,  
To make impression upon Time

'Twas in a shipwreck, when the seas  
Ruled, and the winds did what they please,  
That my poor lover floating lay,  
And, ere brought forth, was cast away,  
Till at the last the master wave  
Upon the rock his mother drove,  
And there she split against the stone,  
In a Cæsarian section

The sea him lent these bitter tears,  
Which at his eyes he always bears,  
And from the winds the sighs he bore,  
Which through his surging breast do roar ,

No day he saw but that which breaks  
Through frightened clouds in forkèd streaks,  
While round the rattling thunder hurled,  
As at the funeral of the world

While Nature to his birth presents  
This masque of quarrelling elements,  
A numerous fleet of cormorants black,  
That sailed insulting o'er the wrack,  
Received into their cruel care  
The unfortunate and abject heir ,  
Guardians most fit to entertain  
The orphan of the hurricane

30

They fed him up with hopes and air,  
Which soon digested to despair,  
And as one cormorant fed him, still  
Another on his heart did bill ,  
Thus, while they famish him and feast,  
He both consumed, and increased,  
And languished with doubtful breath,  
The amphibium of life and death

40

And now, when angry Heaven would  
Behold a spectacle of blood,  
Fortune and he are called to play  
At sharp before it all the day,

And tyrant Love his breast does ply  
With all his winged artillery,  
Whilst he, betwixt the flames and waves,  
Like Ajax, the mad tempest braves

See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,  
Cuffing the thunder with one hand,  
While with the other he does lock,  
And grapple, with the stubborn rock,  
From which he with each wave rebounds,  
Torn into flames, and ragg'd with wounds,  
And all he says, a lover drest  
In his own blood does relish best

50

This is the only banneret  
That ever Love created yet,  
Who, though by the malignant stars,  
Forced to live in storms and wars,  
Yet dyng, leaves a perfume here,  
And music within every ear,  
And he in story only rules,  
In a field sable, a lover gules

60

### THE GALLERY

CHLORA, come view my soul, and tell  
Whether I have contrived it well  
Now all its several lodgings lie,  
Composed into one gallery,  
And the great arras hangings, made  
Of various facings, by are laid,  
That, for all furniture, you'll find  
Only your picture in my mind

Here thou art painted in the dress  
Of an inhuman murderer,  
Examining upon our hearts,  
(Thy fertile shop of cruel arts,) 10  
Engines more keen than ever yet  
Adorned tyrant's cabinet,  
Of which the most tormenting are,  
Black eyes, red lips, and curled hair

But, on the other side, thou art drawn,  
Like to AURORA in the dawn,  
When in the east she slumbering lies,  
And stretches out her milky thighs, 20

While all the morning quire does sing,  
 And manna falls and roses spring,  
 And, at thy feet, the wooing doves  
 Sit perfecting their harmless loves

Like an enchantress here thou show'st,  
 Vexing thy restless lover's ghost,  
 And, by a light obscure, dost rave  
 Over his entrails, in the cave,  
 Divining thence, with horrid care,  
 How long thou shalt continue fair,  
 And (when informed) them throw'st away  
 To be the greedy vulture's prey

30

But, against that, thou sitt'st afloat,  
 Like VENUS in her pearly boat,  
 The halcyons, calming all that's nigh,  
 Betwixt the air and water fly,  
 Or, if some rolling wave appears,  
 A mass of ambergris it bears,  
 Nor blows more wind than what may well  
 Convoy the perfume to the smell

40

These pictures, and a thousand more,  
 Of thee, my gallery doth store,  
 In all the forms thou canst invent,  
 Either to please me, or torment,

For thou alone, to people me,  
Art grown a numerous colony,  
And a collection choicer far  
Than or Whitehall's, or Mantua's were

But of these pictures, and the rest,  
That at the entrance likes me best,  
Where the same posture and the look  
Remains with which I first was took,  
A tender shepherdess, whose hair  
Hangs loosely playing in the air,  
Transplanting flowers from the green hill  
To crown her head and bosom fill

## THE FAIR SINGER

## I

To make a final conquest of all me,  
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,  
In whom both beauties to my death agree,  
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,  
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,  
She with her voice might captivate my mind

## II

I could have fled from one but singly fair ,  
My disentangled soul itself might save,  
Breaking the curlèd trammels of her hair ,  
But how should I avoid to be her slave,  
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath  
My fetters of the very air I breathe ?

10

## III

It had been easy fighting in some plain,  
Where victory might hang in equal choice,  
But all resistance against her is vain  
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice ,  
And all my forces needs must be undone,  
She having gained both the wind and sun

## MOURNING

### I

You, that decipher out the fate  
Of human offsprings from the skies,  
What mean these infants which, of late,  
Spring from the stars of Chloras eyes?

### II

Her eyes confused, and doubled o'er  
With tears suspended ere they flow,  
Seem bending upwards to restore  
To Heaven, whence it came, their woe

### III

When, moulding of the watery spheres,  
Slow drops untie themselves away, 10  
As if she with those precious tears  
Would strew the ground where Strephon lay

### IV

Yet some affirm, pretending art,  
Her eyes have so her bosom drowned,  
Only to soften, near her heart,  
A place to fix another wound

## V

And, while vain pomp does her restrain  
 Within her solitary bower,  
 She courts herself in amorous rain,  
 Herself both Danae and the shower

20

## VI

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem  
 Joy now so much her master grown,  
 That whatsoever does but seem  
 Like grief is from her windows thrown

## VII

Nor that she pays, while she survives,  
 To her dead love this tribute due,  
 But casts abroad these donatives  
 At the installing of a new

## VIII

How wide they dream! the Indian slaves,  
 That sink for pearl through seas profound, 30  
 Would find her tears yet deeper waves,  
 And not of one the bottom sound

## IX

I yet my silent judgment keep,  
 Disputing not what they believe  
 But sure as oft as women weep,  
 It is to be supposed they grieve

## DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

### I

DAPHNIS must from Ch<sup>lo</sup>e part,  
Now is come the disma<sup>l</sup> hour,  
That must all his hopes devour,  
All his labour, all his art

### II

Nature, her own sex's foe,  
Long had taught her to be coy ,  
But she neither knew to enjoy,  
Nor yet let her lover go

### III

But, with this sad news, surprised,  
Soon she let that niceness fall, 10  
And would gladly yield to all,  
So it had his stay comprised

### IV

Nature so herself does use  
To lay by her wonted state,  
Lest the world should separate ,  
Sudden parting closer glued

## V

He, well read in all the ways  
 By which men their siege maintain,  
 Knew not that, the fort to gain,  
 Better 'twas the siege to raise

20

## VI

But he came so full possessed  
 With the grief of parting thence,  
 That he had not so much sense  
 As to see he might be blessed ,

## VII

Till love, in her language, breathed  
 Words she never spake before ,  
 But than legacies no more,  
 To a dying man bequeathed

## VIII

For alas ! the time was spent ,  
 Now the latest minute's run,  
 When poor Daphnis is undone,  
 Between joy and sorrow rent

30

## IX

At that " Why ? " that " Stay, my dear ! " <sup>1</sup>  
 His disordered locks he tare,  
 And with rolling eyes did glare,  
 And his cruel fate forswear

## X

As the soul of one scarce dead,  
 With the shrieks of friends aghast,  
 Looks distracted back in haste,  
 And then straight again is fled , 40

## XI

So did wretched Daphnis look,  
 Frighting her he loved most ,  
 At the last this lover's ghost  
 Thus his leave resolved took

## XII

“ Are my hell and heaven joined,  
 More to torture him that dies ?  
 Could departure not suffice ,  
 But that you must then grow kind ?

## XIII

“ Ah ! my Chloe, how have I  
 Such a wretched minute found , 50  
 When thy favours should me wound ,  
 More than all thy cruelty ?

## XIV

“ So to the condemnèd wight  
 The delicious cup we fill ,  
 And allow him all he will  
 For his last and short delight

xv

“ But I will not now begin  
Such a debt unto my foe,  
Nor to my departure owe,  
What my presence could not win

XVI

“Absence is too much alone,  
Better 'tis to go in peace,  
Than my losses to increase,  
By a late fruition

XVII

"Why should I enrich my fate?  
'Tis a vanity to wear,  
For my executioner,  
Jewels of so high a rate

XVIII

“Rather I away will pine  
In a manly stubbornness,  
Then be fatt'd up express  
For the cannibal to dine

XIX

"Whilst this grief does thee disarm,  
All the enjoyment of our love  
But the ravishment would prove  
Of a body dead while warm

xx

“ And I parting should appear  
Like the gourmand Hebrew dead  
While, with quails and manna fed,  
He does through the desert err , 80

VII

"Or the witch that midnight wakes  
For the fern, whose magic weed  
In one minute cast the seed  
And invisible him makes

XXIV

"Gentler times for love are meant  
Who for parting pleasure strain,  
Gather roses in the run,  
Wet themselves and spoil their scent

XIII

“Farewell, therefore, all the fruit  
Which I could from love receive  
Joy will not with sorrow weave,  
Nor will I this grief pollute

XXIV

“Fate, I come, as dark, as sad,  
As thy malice could desire  
Yet bring with me all the fire  
That Love in his torches had

## XXV

At these words away he broke,  
As who long has praying lien,  
To his head's man makes the sign  
And receives the parting stroke

100

## XXVI

But hence, virgins all, beware ,  
Last night he with Phlogis slept,  
This night for Dorinda kept,  
And but rid to take the air

## XXVII

Yet he does himself excuse ,  
Nor indeed without a cause  
For, according to the laws,  
Why did Chloe once refuse ?

## THE DEFINITION OF LOVE

### I

My Love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis, for object, strange and high,  
It was begotten by Despair,  
Upon Impossibility

### II

Magnanimous Despair alone  
Could show me so divine a thing,  
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,  
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing

### III

And yet I quickly might arrive  
Where my extended soul is fixed , 10  
But Fate does iron wedges drive,  
And always crowds itself betwixt

### IV

For Fate with jealous eye does see  
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close ,  
Their union would her ruin be,  
And her tyrannic power depose

## V

And therefore her decrees of steel  
Us as the distant poles have placed,  
'Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel),  
Not by themselves to be embraced, 20

## VI

Unless the giddy heaven fall,  
And earth some new convulsion tear,  
And, us to join, the world should all  
Be cramped into a planisphere

## VII

As lines, so love's oblique, may well  
Themselves in every angle greet  
But ours, so truly parallel,  
Though infinite, can never meet

## VIII

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
But Fate so enviously debars, 30  
Is the conjunction of the mind,  
And opposition ~~of~~ the stars

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T C IN A  
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

I

SEE with what simplicity  
This nymph begins her golden days !  
In the green grass she loves to lie,  
And there with her fair aspect tames  
The wilder flowers and gives them names,  
But only with the roses plays,  
And them does tell  
What colour best becomes them and what smell

II

Who can foretell for what high cause  
This darling of the Gods was born ? 10  
Yet this is she whose chaster laws  
The wanton Love shall one day fear,  
And, under her command severe,  
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn  
Happy who can  
Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

## III

O then let me in time compound  
 And parley with those conquering eyes,  
 Ere they have tried their force to wound ,  
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive  
 In triumph over hearts that strive,  
 And them that yield but more despise

20

Let me be laid

Where I may see the glories from some shade

## IV

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing  
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
 Reform the errors of the spring ,  
 Make that the tulips may have share  
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ,  
 And roses of their thorns disarm ,

30

But most procure

That violets may a longer age endure

## V

But O, young beauty of the woods,  
 Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,  
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,  
 Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime  
 To kill her infants in their prime,  
 Do quickly make the example yours ,

And ere we see,

Nip in the blossom, all our hopes and thee

40

22 —*But more*, only the more

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND  
DORINDA

*Dorinda* WHEN death shall snatch us from these  
kids,  
And shut up our divided lds,  
Tell me, THYRSIS, prythee do,  
Whither thou and I must go?

*Thyrsis* To the Elysium

*Dorinda* Oh, where is t?

*Thyrsis* A chaste soul can never miss't

*Dorinda* I know no way but one, our home  
Is our Elysium

*Thyrsis* Cast thine eye to yonder sky,  
There the milky way doth he, ic  
Tis a sure, but rugged way,  
That leads to everlasting day

*Dorinda* There birds may nest, but how can I,  
That have no wings and cannot fly?

*Thyrsis* Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire  
 Hath no wings, yet doth aspire  
 Till it hit against the pole,  
 Heaven's the centre of the soul

*Dorinda* But in Elysium how do they  
 Pass eternity away? 20

*Thyrsis* O ' there s neither hope nor fear,  
 There s no wolf, no fox, no bear,  
 No need of dog to fetch our stray,  
 Our Lightfoot we may give away,  
 And there, most sweetly, may thine ear  
 Feast with the music of the sphere

*Dorinda* How I my future state,  
 By silent thinking, antedate !  
 I prythee let us spend our time to come,  
 In talking of Elysium 30

*Thyrsis* Then I'll go on there sheep are full  
 Of softest grass, and softest wool,  
 There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,  
 Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow,  
 There always is a rising sun,  
 And day is ever but begun,  
 Shepherds there bear equal sway,  
 And every nymph's a queen of May

*Dorinda* Ah me ! ah me !

*Thyrsis*                    *DORINDA*, why dost cry?

*Dorinda* I'm sick, I'm sick, and faint would die 40

*Thyrsis* Convince me now that this is true  
By bidding, with me, all adieu

*Dorinda* I cannot live without thee, I  
Will for thee, much more with thee, die

*Thyrsis* Then let us give CORELLIA charge o' the  
sheep  
And thou and I'll pick poppies and them  
steep  
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,  
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep

## THE MATCH

### I

NATURE had long a treasure made  
Of all her choicest store,  
Fearing, when she should be decayed,  
To beg in vain for more

### II

Her orientest colours there  
And essences most pure,  
With sweetest perfumes hoarded were,  
All, as she thought, secure

### III

She seldom them unlocked or used  
But with the nicest care,  
For, with one grain of them diffused,  
She could the world repair

10

### IV

But likeness soon together drew  
What she did separate lay,  
Of which one perfect beauty grew,  
And that was CELIA

## V

Love wisely had of long foreseen  
That he must once grow old,  
And therefore stored a magazine  
To save him from the cold

20

## VI

He kept the several cells replete  
With nitre thrice refined,  
The naphtha's and the sulphur's heat,  
And all that burns the mind

## VII

He fortified the double gate,  
And rarely thither came,  
For, with one spark of these, he straight  
All Nature could inflame

## VIII

Till, by vicinity so long,  
A nearer way they sought,  
And, grown magnetically strong,  
Into each other wrought

30

## IX

Thus all his fuel did unite  
To make one fire high  
None ever burned so hot, so bright,  
And, CELIA, that am I

x

So we alone the happy, rest,  
Whilst all the world is poor,  
And have within ourselves possessed  
All Love's and Nature's store

40

### THE MOWER, AGAINST GARDENS

LUXURIOUS man, to bring his vice in use,  
Did after him the world seduce,  
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,  
Where Nature was most plain and pure  
He first inclosed within the gardens square  
A dead and standing pool of air,  
And a more luscious earth for them did knead,  
Which stupefied them while it fed  
The pink grew then as double as his mind ,  
The nutriment did change the kind  
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint ,  
And flowers themselves were taught to paint  
The tulip white did for complexion seek,  
And learned to interline its cheek ,  
Its onion root they then so high did hold,  
That one was for a meadow sold  
Another world was searched through oceans new,  
To find the marvel of Peru ,  
And yet these rarities might be allowed  
To man, that sovereign thing and proud,

10

20

18 — *Mirabilis Jalapa* or *Admirabilis planta*

Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,  
Forbidden mixtures there to see  
No plant now knew the stock from which it came ,  
He grafts upon the wild the tame,  
That the uncertain and adulterate fruit  
- Might put the palate in dispute  
His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,  
Lest any tyrant him outdo ,  
And in the cherry he does Nature vex,  
To procreate without a sex  
'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot,  
While the sweet fields do lie forgot,  
Where willing Nature does to all dispense  
A wild and fragrant innocence ,  
And fauns and fairies do the meadows till  
More by their presence than their skill  
Their statues polished by some ancient hand,  
May to adorn the gardens stand ,  
But, howsoe'er the figures do excel,  
The Gods themselves with us do dwell

30

40

### DAMON THE MOWER

HARK how the mower DAMON sung,  
With love of JULIANA stung !  
While everything did seem to paint  
The scene more fit for his complaint  
Like her fair eyes the day was fair,  
But scorching like his amorous care ,  
Sharp, like his scythe, his sorrow was,  
And withered, like his hopes, the grass

Oh what unusual heats are here,  
Which thus our sun burned meadows fear !  
The grasshopper its pipe gives o'er,  
And hamstrung frogs can dance no more ,  
But in the brook the green frog wades,  
And grasshoppers seek out the shades ,  
Only the snake, that kept within,  
Now glitters in its second skin

This heat the sun could never raise,  
Nor dog star so inflame the days ,  
It from an higher beauty grow'th,  
Which burns the fields and mower both ,

10

20

Which made the dog, and makes the sun  
Hotter than his own Phaeton ,  
Not July causeth these extremes,  
But JULIANA'S scorching beams

Tell me where I may pass the fires  
Of the hot day, or hot desires ,  
To what cool cave shall I descend ,  
Or to what gelid fountain bend ?  
Alas ! I look for ease in vain ,  
When remedies themselves complain ,  
No moisture but my tears do rest ,  
No cold but in her icy breast

How long wilt thou, fair shepherdess ,  
Esteem me and my presents less ?  
To thee the harmless snake I bring ,  
Disarmed of its teeth and sting ,  
To thee chameleons, changing hue ,  
And oak leaves tipt with honey dew ,  
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought  
Nor what they are, nor who them brought

I am the mower DAMON, known  
Through all the meadows I have mown  
On me the morn her dew distils  
Before her darling daffodils ,

And, if at noon my toil me heat,  
 The sun himself licks off my sweat,  
 While, going home, the evening sweet  
 In cowslip water bathes my feet

What though the piping shepherd stock  
 The plains with an unnumbered flock,      50  
 This scythe of mine discovers wide  
 More ground than all his sheep do hide  
 With this the golden fleece I shear  
 Of all these closes every year,  
 And though in wool more pure than they,  
 Yet I am richer far in hay

Nor am I so deformed to sight,  
 If in my scythe I lookèd right,  
 In which I see my picture done,  
 As in a crescent moon the sun      60  
 The deathless fairies take me oft  
 To lead them in their dances soft,  
 And when I tune myself to sing,  
 About me they contract their ring

How happy might I still have mowed,  
 Had not Love here his thistle sowed !  
 But now I all the day complain,  
 Joining my labour to my pain ,

And with my scythe cut down the grass,  
 Yet still my grief is where it was ,  
 But, when the iron blunter grows,  
 Sighing I whet my scythe and woes

70

While thus he drew his elbow round,  
 Depopulating all the ground,  
 And, with his whistling scythe, does cut  
 Each stroke between the earth and root,  
 The edged steel, by careless chance,  
 Did into his own ankle glance,  
 And there among the grass fell down  
 By his own scythe the mower mown

80

Alas ! said he, these hurts are slight  
 To those that die by Love's despite  
 With shepherd's purse, and clown's all heal,  
 The blood I stanch and wound I seal  
 Only for him no cure is found,  
 Whom JULIANA's eyes do wound ,  
 'Tis Death alone that this must do ,  
 For, Death, thou art a Mower too

83.—*Shepherd's purse, Capsella bursa pastoris*

83.—*Clown's all heal* sometimes called "Clown's wound wort, the officinal valerian

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW WORMS

I

YE living lamps, by whose dear light  
The nigh'ingale does sit so late,  
And studying all the summer night,  
Her matchless songs does meditate ,

II

Ye country comets, that portend  
No war nor prince's funeral,  
Shining unto no higher end  
Than to presage the grass's fall ,

III

Ye glow worms, whose unflcious flame  
To wandering mowers shows the way,  
That in the night have lost their aim,  
And after foolish fires do stray ,

10

IV

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,  
Since JULIANA here is come,  
For she my mind hath so displaced,  
That I shall never find my home

## THE MOWER'S SONG

## I

My mind was once the true survey  
Of all these meadows fresh and gay,  
And in the greenness of the grass  
Did see its hopes as in a glass ,  
When JULIANA came, and she,  
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me

## II

But these, while I with sorrow pine,  
Grew more luxuriant still and fine,  
That not one blade of grass you spied,  
But had a flower on either side ,  
When JULIANA came, and she, 10  
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me

## III

Unthankful meadows, could you so  
A fellowship so true forego,  
And in your gaudy May games meet,  
While I ly trodden under feet ?  
When JULIANA came, and she,  
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me ?

## IV

But what you in compassion ought,  
Shall now by my revenge be wrought  
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,  
Will in one common ruin fall  
For JULIANA comes, and she,  
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me

## V

And thus, ye meadows, which have been  
Companions of my thoughts more green,  
Shall now the heraldry become  
With which I shall adorn my tomb,  
For JULIANA came, and she, [30]  
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me

AMETAS AND THESTYLIS MAKING  
HAY ROPES

*Ametas* THIK'ST thou that this love can stand,  
Whilst thou still dost say me nay?  
Love unpaid does soon disband  
Love binds love, as hay binds hay

*Thestylis* Think'st thou that this rope would twine,  
If we both should turn one way?  
Where both parties so combine,  
Neither love will twist, nor hay

*Ametas* Thus you vain excuses find,  
Which yourself and us delay  
And love ties a woman's mind  
Looser than with ropes of hay

10

*Thestylis* What you cannot constant hope  
Must be taken as you may

*Ametas* Then let's both lay by our rope,  
And go kiss within the hay

### MUSIC'S EMPIRE

FIRST was the world as one great cymbal made,  
Where jarring winds to infant nature played ,  
All music was a solitary sound,  
To hollow rocks and murmuring fountains bound

Jubal first made the wilder notes agree,  
And Jubal tuned Music's Jubilee ,  
He called the echoes from their sullen cell,  
And built the organ's city, where they dwell

Each sought a consort in that lovely place,  
And virgin trebles wed the manly bass, 10  
From whence the progeny of numbers new  
Into harmonious colonies withdrew ,

Some to the lute, some to the viol went,  
And others chose the cornet eloquent ,  
These practising the wind, and those the wire,  
To sing man's triumphs, or in Heaven's choir

Then music, the mosaic of the air,  
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,  
With which she gained the empire of the ear,  
Including all between the earth and sphere

Victorious sounds ! yet here your homage do  
Unto a gentler conqueror than you ,  
Who, though he flies the music of his praise,  
Would with you Heaven & hallelujahs raise

TRANSLATED FROM SENECA'S TRAGEDY  
OF THYESTES

CHORUS II

Stet quicunque volet potens  
Aulae culmine lubrico &c

CLIMB, at Court, for me, that will,  
Tottering favour's pinnacle,  
All I seek is to lie still  
Settled in some secret nest,  
In calm leisure let me rest,  
And, far off the public stage,  
Pass away my silent age  
Thus, when, without noise, unknown,  
I have lived out all my span,  
I shall die, without a groan,  
An old honest countryman  
Who, exposed to others' eyes,  
Into his own heart ne'er pries,  
Death to him's a strange surprise

10

## ON A DROP OF DEW

(TRANSLATED )

SEE, how the orient dew,  
 Shed from the bosom of the morn  
     Into the blowing roses,  
     (Yet careless of its mansion new,  
 For the clear region where twas born,) 10  
     Round in itself incloses ,  
     And, in its little globe s extent,  
 Frames, as it can, its native element  
     How it the purple flower does slight,  
     Scarce touching where it lies ,  
     But gazing back upon the skies,  
     Shines with a mournful light,  
     Like its own tear,  
 Because so long divided from the sphere  
     Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
     Trembling, lest it grow impure ,  
     Till the warm sun pity its pain,  
 And to the skies exhale it back again  
     So the soul, that drop, that ray  
     Of the clear fountain of eternal day, 20  
     (Could it within the human flower be seen,)

Remembering still its former height,  
 Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,  
 And, recollecting its own light,  
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts express  
 The greater heaven in an heaven less

In how coy a figure wound,  
 Every way it turns away,  
 So the world excluding round,  
 Yet receiving in the day,  
 Dark beneath, but bright above,  
 Here disdaining, there in love  
 How loose and easy hence to go,  
 How girt and ready to ascend  
 Moving but on a point below,  
 It all about does upwards bend

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,  
 White and entire, though congealed and chill,  
 Congealed on earth, but does, dissolving, run  
 Into the glories of the almighty sun

30

40

28 — *It* the soul  
 29 — *Round* the drop  
 36 — *It* the soul

## THE GARDEN

(TRANSLATED )

How vainly men themselves amaze,  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
 And their incessant labours see  
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,  
 Whose short and narrow verg'd shade  
 Does prudently their toils upbraid,  
 While all the flowers and trees do close,  
 To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
 And Innocence, thy sister dear ?  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men  
 Your sacred plants, if here below,  
 Only among the plants will grow ,  
 Society is all but rude  
 To this delicious solitude

No white nor red was ever seen  
 So amorous as this lovely green  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name

10

20

15 — *But, merely*

Little, alas ! they know or heed,  
 How far these beauties her s exceed !  
 Fair trees ! wheres'e er your bark I wound,  
 No name shall but your own be found

When we have run our passion s heat,  
 Love hither makes his best retreat  
 The gods, that mortal beauty chase,  
 Still in a tree did end their race ,  
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
 Only that she might laurel grow , 30  
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed

What wondrous life is this I lead !  
 Ripe aples drop about my he d ,  
 The luscious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ,  
 The nectarine, and curious peach,  
 Into my hands themselves do reach ,  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass 40

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,  
 Withdraws into its happiness ,  
 The mind, that ocean where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find ,

Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas,  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
 Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside,  
 My soul into the boughs does glide  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
 Then whets and combs its silver wings,  
 And, till prepared for longer flight,  
 Waves in its plumes the various light

Such was that happy garden state,  
 While man there walked without a mate  
 After a place so pure and sweet,  
 What other help could yet be meet !  
 But twas beyond a mortal's share  
 To wander solitary there  
 Two paradeses 'twere in one,  
 To live in paradise alone

How well the skilful gardener drew  
 Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ,  
 Where, from above, the milder sun  
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,  
 And, as it works, the industrious bee  
 Computes its time as well as we !  
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
 Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

50

60

70

UPON THE DEATH OF THE  
LORD HASTINGS

Go, intercept some fountain in the vein,  
Whose virgin source yet never steeped the plain  
Hastings is dead, and we must find a store  
Of tears untouched, and never wept before  
Go, stand betwixt the morning and the flowers ,  
And, eie they fall, arrest the early showers  
Hastings is dead , and we, disconsolate,  
With early tears must mourn his early fate

Alas ! his virtues did his death presage  
Needs must he die, that doth outrun his age , 10  
The phlegmatic and slow prolongs his day,  
And on Time's wheel sticks like a remora  
What man is he, that hath not Heaven beguiled,  
And is not thence mistaken for a child ?  
While those of growth more sudden, and more bold,  
Are hurried hence, as if already old ,  
For, there above, they number not as here,  
But weigh to man the Geometric Year  
Had he but at this measure still increased,  
And on the Tree of Life once made a feast, 20

12 — *Remora* delay hence the sucker fish *Echeneis Remora*

As that of knowledge, what loves had he given  
 To earth, and then what jealousies to Heaven !  
 But 'tis a maxim of that state, that none,  
 Lest he become like them, taste more than one  
 Therefore the democratic stars did rise,  
 And all that worth from hence did ostracize

Yet as some prince, that, for state jealousy,  
 Secures his nearest and most loved ally,  
 His thought with richest triumphs entertains,  
 And in the choicest pleasure charms his pains ,  
 So he, not banished hence, but there confined,  
 There better recreates his active mind

Before the crystal palace where he dwells  
 The armed angels hold their carousals ,  
 And underneath he views the tournaments  
 Of all these sublunary elements  
 But most he doth the Eternal Book behold,  
 On which the happy names do stand enrolled ,  
 And gladly there can all his kindred claim,  
 But most rejoices at his mother's name

The Gods themselves cannot their joy conceal,  
 But draw their veils, and their pure beams reveal  
 Only they drooping Hymeneus note,  
 Who for sad purple tears his saffron coat,  
 And trails his torches through the starry hall,  
 Reversèd at his darling's funeral

And Æsculapius, who, ashamed and stern,

30

40

Himself at once condemneth and Mayerne,  
Like some sad chemist, who, prepared to reap  
The golden harvest, sees his glasses leap 50  
For, how immortal must their race have stood,  
Had Mayerne once been mixed with Hastings blood !  
How sweet and verdant would these laurels be,  
Had they been planted on that balsam tree !  
But what could he, good man, although he bruised  
All herbs, and them a thousand ways infused ?  
All he had tried, but all in vain, he saw,  
And wept, as we, without redress or law  
For man, alas ! is but the Heaven's spoit ,  
And Art indeed is long, but Life is short 60

ANDREW MARVELL

50 — Sees the explosion of the materials used by the alchemist.

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR RICHARD  
LOVELACE, UPON HIS POEMS

SIR,

Our times are much degenerate from those  
Which your sweet muse, which your good fortune  
chose,  
And as complexions alter with the climes,  
Our wits have drawn the infection of our times,  
That candid Age no other way could tell  
To be ingenious, but by speaking well  
Who best could praise had then the greatest praise,  
'Twas more esteemed to give than wear the bays  
Modest Ambition studied only then  
To honour, not herself, but worthy men  
These virtues now are banished out of town,  
Our civil wars have lost the civic crown  
He highest builds who with most art destroys,  
And against others' fame his own employs  
I see the envious caterpillar sit  
On the fair blossom of each growing wit

10

The air's already tainted with the swarms  
 Of insects, which against you rise in arms  
 Word peckers, paper rats book scorpions,  
 Of wit corrupted, the unfashioned sons 20  
 The barbèd censurers begin to look  
 Like the grim Consistory on thy book ,  
 And on each line cast a reforming eye,  
 Severer than the young Presbytery  
 Till when in vain they have thee all perused,  
 You shall for being faultless be accused  
 Some reading your *Lucasta* will allege  
 You wronged in her the Houses' privilege ,  
 Some that you under sequestration are,  
 Because you write when going to the wai , 30  
 And one the book prohibits, because Kent  
 Their first petition by the author sent

But when the beauteous ladies came to know  
 That their dear Lovelace was endangered so ,  
 Lovelace, that thawed the most congealed breast,  
 He who loved best, and them defended best,  
 Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,  
 Whose hand so gently melts the lady's hand ,  
 They all in mutiny, though yet undressed,  
 Sallied, and would in his defence contest 40  
 And one, the loveliest that was yet ere seen,  
 Thinking that I too of the rout had been,  
 Mine eyes invaded with a female spite  
 (She knew what pain 'twould be to lose that  
 sight)

O no, mistake not, I replied for I  
In your defence, or in his cause, would die ,  
But he, secure of glory and of time,  
Above their envy or mine aid doth climb  
Him valiant st men and fairest nymphs approve,  
His book in them finds judgment, with you, love 50

ANDREW MARVELL

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND,  
DOCTOR WITTY.

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE "POPULAR  
ERRORS"

SIT farther and make room for thin<sup>ne</sup> own fame,  
Where just desert enrolls thy honoured name,  
The Good Interpreter Some in this task  
Take off the cypress veil, but leave a mask,  
Changing the Latin but do more obscure  
That sense in English which was bright and pure  
So of translators they are authors grown,  
For ill translators make the book their own  
Others do strive with words and forced phrase  
To add such lustre, and so many rays  
That but to make the vessel shining, they  
Much of the precious metal rub away  
He is translation's thief that addeth more,  
As much as he that taketh from the store  
Of the first author Here he maketh blots,  
That mends , and added beauties are but spots  
CÆLIA, whose English doth more richly flow  
Than Tagus, purer than dissolved snow,

And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she  
Now learns the tongues of France and Italy , 20  
But she is CÆLIA still , no other grace  
But her own smiles commend that lovely face ,  
Her native beauty's not Italianated,  
Nor her chaste mind into the French translated ,  
Her thoughts are English, though her speaking wit  
With other language doth them fitly fit

Translators, learn of her but stay, I slide  
Down into error with the vulgar tide ,  
Women must not teach here the doctor doth  
Stint them to cordials, almond milk, and broth 30  
Now I reform, and surely as will all  
Whose happy eyes on thy translation fall  
I see the people hastening to thy book ,  
Liking themselves the worse the more they look ,  
And so disliking, that they nothing see  
Now worth the liking, but thy book and thee  
And (if I judgment have) I censure right ,  
For something guides my hand that I must write ,  
You have translation's statutes best fulfilled,  
That handling neither sully nor would gild 40

### ON PARADISE LOST

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold,  
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,  
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,  
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all, the argument  
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,  
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred truths to fable and old song,  
(So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite)  
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight      10

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I liked his project, the success did fear,  
Through that wide field how he his way should  
find,

O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind,  
Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,  
And what was easy he should render vain

Or if a work so infinite he spanned,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excel)      20

Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
To change in scenes, and show it in a play

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise  
But I am now convinced, and none will dare  
Within thy labours to pretend a share  
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be  
fit,

And all that was improper dost omit,  
So that no room is here for writers left,  
But to detect their ignorance or theft

30

That majesty which through thy work doth  
reign

Draws the devout, deterring the profane,  
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate  
At once delight and horror on us seize,  
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,  
And above human flight dost soar aloft,  
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft  
The bird named from that paradise you sing  
So never flags, but always keeps on wing

40

Where couldst thou words of such a compass  
find?

Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?  
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,  
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight

Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure  
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure,

While the Town Bayes writes all the while and  
    spells,  
And like a pack horse tires without his bells  
Their fancies like our bushy points appear  
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear                   50  
I too, transported by the mode, offend,  
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend,  
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme

## AN EPITAPH UPON —

ENOUGH , and leave the rest to fame ,  
'Tis to commend her, but to name  
Courtship, which, living, she declined,  
When dead, to offer were unkind  
Where never any could speak ill,  
Who would officious praises spill ?  
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,  
Without detracting, her commend ,  
To say, she lived a virgin chaste  
In this age loose and all unlaced ,  
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,  
Of virtue or ashamed or proud ,  
That her soul was on Heaven so bent,  
No minute but it came and went ,  
That, ready her last debt to pay,  
She summed her life up every day ,  
Modest as morn, as mid day bright,  
Gentle as evening, cool as night  
'Tis true , but all too weakly said ,  
'Twas more significant, she's dead

10

20

## TWO SONGS

AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE LORD FAUCONBERG  
AND THE LADY MARY CROMWELL

### FIRST SONG

CHORUS, ENDYMION LUNA

*Chorus*      THE astrologer's own eyes are set,  
                  And even wolves the sheep forget,  
                  Only this shepherd, late and soon,  
                  Upon this hill outwakes the moon,  
                  Hark how he sings with sad delight,  
                  Thorough the clear and silent night !

*Endymion*    CYNTHIA, O CYNTHIA, turn thine ear,  
                  Nor scorn ENDYMION'S plaints to hear !  
                  As we our flocks, so you command  
                  The fleecy clouds with silver wand    10

*Cynthia*      If thou a mortal, rather sleep,  
                  Or if a shepherd, watch thy sheep

*Endymion* The shepherd, since he saw thine eyes,  
 And sheep, are both thy sacrifice,  
 Nor merits he a mortal's name,  
 That burns with an immortal flame

*Cynthia* I have enough for me to do,  
 Ruling the waves that ebb and flow

*Endymion* Since thou disdain'st not then to share  
 On sublunary things thy care, 20  
 Rather restrain these double seas,  
 Mine eyes, incessant deluges

*Cynthia* My wakeful lamp all night must move,  
 Securing their repose above

*Endymion* If therefore thy resplendent ray  
 Can make a night more bright than day,  
 Shine thorough this obscurer breast,  
 With shades of deep despair oppressed

*Chorus* Courage, ENDYMION, boldly woo !  
 ANCHISES was a shepherd too, 30  
 Yet is her younger sister laid  
 Sporting with him in IDA's shade  
 And CYNTHIA, though the strongest,  
 Seeks but the honour to have held out  
 longest

*Endymion* Here unto Latmos' top I climb,  
 How far below thine orb sublime!  
 O why, as well as eyes to see,  
 Have I not arms that reach to thee?

*Cynthia* 'Tis needless then that I refuse,  
 Would you but your own reason use 40

*Endymion* Though I so high may not pretend,  
 It is the same, so you descend

*Cynthia* These stars would say I do them wrong,  
 Rivals, each one, for thee too strong

*Endymion* The stars are fixed unto their sphere  
 And cannot, though they would, come  
 near  
 Less loves set off each other's praise,  
 While stars eclipse by mixing rays

*Cynthia* That cave is dark

*Endymion* Then none can spy  
 Or shine thou there, and 'tis the sky 50

*Chorus* Joy to ENDYMION!  
 For he has CYNTHIA's favour won,  
 And JOVE himself approves  
 With his serenest influence their loves

For he did never love to pair  
 His progeny above the air ,  
 But to be honest, valiant, wise,  
 Makes mortals matches fit for deities

## SECOND SONG

## HOBBINOL, PHILLIS, TOMALIN

*Hobbinol* PHILLIS, TOMALIN, away !  
 Never such a merry day,  
 For the northern shepherd s son  
 Has MENALCAS' daughter won

*Phillis* Stay till I some flowers have tied  
 In a garland for the bride

*Tomalin* If thou wouldest a garland bring,  
 PHILLIS, you may wait the spring  
 They have chosen such an hour  
 When she is the only flower

10

*Phillis* Let's not then, at least, be seen  
 Without each a sprig of green

*Hobbinol* Fear not , at MENALCAS' hall  
 There are bays enough for all  
 He, when young as we, did graze,  
 But when old he planted bays

*Tomalin* Here she comes but with a look  
 Far more catching than my hook ,  
 Twas those eyes, I now dare swear,  
 Led our lambs we know not where 20

*Hobbinol* Not our lambs' own fleeces are  
 Curled so lovely as her hair,  
 Nor our sheep new washed can be  
 Half so white or sweet as she

*Phillis* He so looks as fit to keep  
 Somewhat else than silly sheep

*Hobbinol* Come, let s in some carol new  
 Pay to love and them their due

*All* Joy to that happy pair [30  
 Whose hopes united banish our despair  
 What shepherd could for love pretend,  
 Whilst all the nymphs on DAMON's  
 choice attend ?  
 What shepherdess could hope to wed  
 Before MARINA's turn were sped ?  
 Now lesser beauties may take place,  
 And meaner virtues come in play,  
 While they,  
 Looking from high,  
 Shall grace

Our flocks and us with a propitious eye  
But what is most, the gentle swain  
No more shall need of love complain,  
But virtue shall be beauty's hire,  
And those be equal, that have equal fire  
MARINA yields Who dares be coy?  
Or who despur, now DAMON does enjoy?  
Joy to that happy pair,  
Whose hopes united banish our despair!

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE

OVER THE SPANIARDS IN THE BAY OF SANTA CRUZ,  
IN THE ISLAND OF TENERIFFE, 1657

Now does Spain's fleet her spacious wings unfold,  
Leaves the new world, and hastens for the old ,  
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swum,  
Freighted with acted guilt, and guilt to come ,  
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,  
Was raised by tyranny, and raised for war  
Every capacious galleon's womb was filled  
With what the womb of wealthy kingdoms yield ,  
The new world's wounded entrails they had tore,  
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more ,<sup>10</sup>  
Wealth which all others avarice might cloy,  
But yet in them caused as much fear as joy  
For now upon the main themselves they saw  
That boundless empire, where you give the law ,  
Of wind's and water's rage they fearful be,  
But much more fearful are your flags to see  
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep

<sup>4</sup> —*Guilt* a common pun.

More wished for and more welcome is than sleep,  
They dreaded to behold, lest the sun's light  
With English streamers should salute their sight , 20  
In thickest darkness they w ould choose to steer,  
So that such darkness might suppress their fear  
At length it vanishes and fortune smiles,  
For they behold the sweet Canary isles,  
One of which doubtless is by Nature blessed  
Above both worlds, since 'tis above the rest  
For lest some gloominess might stain her sky,  
Trees there the duty of the clouds supply  
O noble trust which Heaven on this isle pours,  
Fertile to be, yet never need her showers ! 30  
A happy people, which at once do gain  
The benefits, without the ills, of rain !  
Both health and profit Fate cannot deny,  
Where still the earth is moist, the air still dry ,  
The jarring elements no discord know,  
Fuel and rain together kindly grow ,  
And coolness there with heat does never fight,  
This only rules by day, and that by night  
Your worth to all these isles a just right brings,  
The best of lands should have the best of kings 40  
And these want nothing Heaven can afford,  
Unless it be, the having you their lord ,  
But this great want will not a long one prove ,  
Your conquering sword will soon that want remove ,  
For Spain had better, she'll ere long confess,  
Have broken all her swords, than this one peace ,

Casting that league off, which she held so long,  
She cast off that which only made her strong  
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,  
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain,  
By that alone those islands she secures, [50]  
Peace made them hers, but war will make them yours  
There the indulgent soil that rich grape breeds,  
Which of the gods the fancied drink exceeds  
They still do yield, such is their precious mould,  
All that is good, and are not cursed with gold,  
With fatal gold, for still where that does grow  
Neither the soil, nor people, quiet know,  
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis ore,  
And when 'tis raised does trouble them much more  
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of war [60]  
Kind Nature had from thence removed so far!  
In vain doth she those islands free from ill,  
If Fortune can make guilty what she will  
But whilst I draw that scene, where you, ere long  
Shall conquests act, you present are unsung  
For Santa Cruz the glad fleet takes her way,  
And safely there casts anchor in the bay  
Never so many, with one joyful cry,  
That place saluted, where they all must die [70]  
Deluded men! Fate with you did but sport,  
You 'scaped the sea, to perish in your port  
'Twas more for England's fame you should die there,  
Where you had most of strength and least of fear  
The Peak's proud height the Spaniards all admire,

Yet in their breasts carry a pride much higher  
Only to this vast hill a power is given,  
At once both to inhabit earth and heaven  
But this stupendous prospect did not near  
Make them admire, so much as they did fear 80

For here they met with news, which did produce  
A grief, above the cure of grape's best juice  
They learned with terror, that nor summer's heat,  
Nor winter's storms, had made your fleet retreat  
To fight against such foes was vain, they knew,  
Which did the rage of elements subdue,  
Who on the ocean, that does horror give  
To all beside, triumphantly do live

With haste they therefore all their galleons moor  
And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore,  
Forts, lines, and sconces, all the bay along, [90]  
They build, and act all that can make them strong

Fond men! who know not whilst such works they  
raise,  
They only labour to exalt your praise  
Yet they by restless toil became at length  
So proud and confident of their made strength,  
That they with joy their boasting general heard  
Wish then for that assault he lately feared  
His wish he has, for now undaunted Blake,  
With wing'd speed, for Santa Cruz does make 100  
For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride  
O'er seas as vast as is the Spaniard's pride  
Whose fleet and trenches viewed, he soon did say,

We to their strength are more obliged than they,  
Wer t not for that, they from their fate would run,  
And a third world seek out, our arms to shun  
Those forts, which there so high and strong appear,  
Do not so much suppress, as show their fear  
Of speedy victory let no man doubt,  
Our worst work s past, now we have found them out  
Behold their navy does at anchor lie, [110]  
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly

This said, the whole fleet gave it their applause,  
And all assumes your courage, in your cause  
That bay they enter, which unto them owes  
The noblest wreaths that victory bestows  
Bold Stayner leads, this fleet's designed by fate  
To give him laurel, as the last did plate

The thundering cannon now begins the fight,  
And, though it be at noon, creates a night, [120]  
The air was soon, after the fight begun,  
Far more enflamed by it than by the sun  
Never so burning was that climate known,  
War turned the temperate to the torrid zone

Fate these two fleets, between both worlds, had  
brought,  
Who fight as if for both those worlds they fought  
Thousands of ways, thousands of men there die,  
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the sky  
Nature ne'er made cedars so high aspire  
As oaks did then, urged by the active fire [130]  
Which, by quick powder's force, so high was sent

That it returned to its own element  
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,  
Whilst others lower, in the sea, do lie,  
Scarce souls from bodies severed are so far  
By death, as bodies there were by the war  
The all seeing sun ne'er gazed on such a sight ,  
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight,  
And neither have or power, or will, to fly ,  
There one must conquer, or there both must die 140  
Far different motives yet engaged them thus,  
Necessity did them, but choice did us,  
A choice which did the highest worth express,  
And was attended by as high success ,  
For your resistless genius there did reign,  
By which we laurels reaped e'en on the main  
So prosperous stars, though absent to the sense,  
Bless those they shine for by their influence  
Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,  
And o'er two elements triumphs at once 150  
Their galleons sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,  
The only place where it can cause no ill  
Ah ! would those treasures which both Indias have  
Were buried in as large and deep a grave !  
War s chief support with them would buried be,  
And the land owe her peace unto the sea  
Ages to come your conquering arms will bless,  
There they destroy what had destroyed their peace ,  
And in one war the present age may boast  
The certain seeds of many wars are lost 160

All the foe's ships destroyed by sea or fire,  
Victorious Blake does from the bay retire  
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,  
And there first brings of his success the news  
The saddest news that e'er to Spain was brought,  
Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with laurel fraught,  
Whilst Fame in every place her trumpet blows,  
And tells the world how much to you it owes

## THE LOYAL SCOT

BY CLEVELAND'S GHOST, UPON THE DEATH OF  
CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, BURNED ON HIS SHIP AT  
CHATHAM

Of the old heroes when the warlike shades  
Saw Douglas marching on the Elysian glades,  
They all, consulting, gathered in a ring,  
Which of their poets should his welcome sing,  
And, as a favourable penance, chose  
Cleveland, on whom they would that task impose  
He understood, but willingly addressed  
His ready muse, to court that noble guest  
Much had he cured the tumour of his vein,  
He judged more clearly now and saw more plain, 10  
For those soft airs had tempered every thought,  
Since of wise Lethe he had drunk a draught  
Abruptly he begun, disguising art,  
As of his satire this had been a part

As so, brave Douglas, on whose lovely chin  
The early down but newly did begin,  
And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,  
While envious virgins hope he is a male

His yellow locks curl back themselves to seal ,  
 Nor other courtship know but to his cheek 20  
 Oft as he in chill Esk or Tyne, by night,  
 Hardened and cooled his limbs, so soft, so white,  
 Among the reeds, to be espied by him,  
 The nymphs would rustle, he would forward swim  
 They sighed, and said, Fond boy, why so untame,  
 That fly'st love's fires, reserved for other flame ?

First on his ship he faced that horrid day,  
 And wondered much at those that ran away  
 No other fear himself could comprehend,  
 Than lest Heaven fall ere thither he ascend 30  
 But entertains the while his time, too short,  
 With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport ,  
 Or waves his sword, and, could he them conjure  
 Within his circle, know, himself secure  
 The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire,  
 And safely through its port the Dutch retire  
 That precious life he yet despairs to save,  
 Or with known art to try the gentle wave  
 Much him the honour of his ancient race  
 Inspired, nor would he his own deeds deface , 40  
 And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,  
 That Monck looks on to see how Douglas dies  
 Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,  
 And tries his first embraces in their sheets ,  
 His shape exact, which the bright flames enfold,

Like the sun s statue stands of burnished gold ,  
 Round the transparent fire about him glows,  
 As the clear amber on the bee does close ,  
 And as on angels heads their glories shine,  
 His burning locks adorn his face divine 50  
 But when in his immortal mind he felt  
 His altering form and soldered limbs to melt,  
 Down on the deck he laid himself, and died,  
 With his dear sword reposing by his side,  
 And on the flaming plank so rests his head,  
 As one that warmed himself, and went to bed  
 His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,  
 And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks  
 Fortunate boy ! if either pencil s fame,  
 Or if my verse can propagate thy name, 60  
 When Ceta and Alcides are forgot,  
 Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot  
 Skip saddles, Pegasus, thou needst not brag,  
 Sometimes the Galloway proves the better nag  
 Shall not a death so generous, when told,  
 Unite our distance, fill our breaches old ?  
 So in the Roman forum, Curtius brave,  
 Galloping down, closed up the gaping cave  
 No more discourse of Scotch and English race,  
 Nor chant the fabulous hunt of Chevy Chase , 70  
 Mixed in Corinthian metal at thy flame,  
 Our nations melting, thy Colossus frame  
 Prick down the point, whoever has the art,  
 Where nature Scotland does from England part ,

Anatomists may sooner fix the cells  
 Where life resides and understanding dwells  
 But this we know, though that exceeds our skill,  
 That whosoever separates them does ill  
 Will you the Tweed that sullen bounder call,  
 Of soil, of wit, of manners, and of all? 80  
 Why draw you not, as well, the thrifty line  
 From Thames, Trent, Humber, or at least the Tyne?  
 So may we the state corpulence redress,  
 And little England, when we please, make less  
 What ethic river is this wondrous Tweed,  
 Whose one bank virtue, t'other vice, does breed?  
 Or what new perpendicular does rise  
 Up from her streams, continued to the sides,  
 That between us the common air should bar,  
 And split the influence of every star? 90  
 But who considers right, will find indeed,  
 'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed  
 Nothing but clergy could us two seclude,  
 No Scotch was ever like a bishop's feud  
 All Litanies in this have wanted faith,  
 There's no *deliver us from a bishop's wrath*  
 Never shall Calvin pardoned be for Sales,  
 Never, for Burnet's sake, the Lauderdale,  
 For Becket's sake, Kent always shall have tails  
 Who sermons e'er can pacify and prayers? 100  
 Or to the joint stools reconcile the chains?  
 Though kingdoms join, yet church will kirk oppose,  
 The mitre still divides, the crown does close,

97 —St Francis de Sales

As in Rogation week they whip us round,  
 To keep in mind the Scotch and English bound  
 What the ocean binds is by the bishops' rent,  
 Then seas make islands in our continent.  
 Nature in vain us in one land compiles,  
 If the cathedral still shall have its isles  
 Nothing, not bogs nor sands nor seas nor Alps, 110  
 Separates the world so as the bishops' scalps,  
 Stretch for the line their surcingle alone,  
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable zone  
 The friendly loadstone has not more combined,  
 Than bishops cramped the commerce of mankind  
 Had it not been for such a bias strong,  
 Two nations ne'er had missed the mark so long  
 The world in all doth but two nations bear,  
 The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere,  
 Under each pole place either of these two, 120  
 The bad will basely, good will bravely, do,  
 And few, indeed, can parallel our climes,  
 For worth heroic, or heroic crimes  
 The trial would, however, be too nice,  
 Which stronger were, a Scotch or English vice,  
 Or whether the same virtue would reflect,  
 From Scotch or English heart, the same effect  
 Nation is all, but name, a Shibboleth,  
 Where a mistaken accent causes death

104 —The beating of the bounds of a parish

107 —*Seas*, a pun on 'sees

116 —*Bias*, a metaphor from the game of bowls

In Paradise names only nature showed, 130  
 At Babel names from pride and discord flowed,  
 And ever since men, with a female spite,  
 First call each other names, and then they fight  
 Scotland and England cause of just uproar,  
 Do man and wife signify rogue and whore?  
 Say but a Scot and straight we fall to sides,  
 That syllable like a Picts wall divides  
 Rational men's words pledges are of peace,  
 Perverted, serve dissension to increase  
 For shame! extirpate from each loyal breast 140  
 That senseless rancour, against interest  
 One king, one faith, one language, and one isle,  
 English and Scotch, 'tis all but cross and pile  
 Charles, our great soul, this only understands,  
 He our affections both, and wills, commands,  
 And where twin sympathies cannot atone,  
 Knows the last secret, how to make us one  
 Just so the prudent husbandman, that sees  
 The idle tumult of his factious bees,  
 The morning dews, and flowers, neglected grown,  
 The hive a comb case, every bee a drone, [150]  
 Powders them o'er, till none discerns his foes,  
 And all themselves in meal and friendship lose,  
 The insect kingdom straight begins to thrive,  
 And all work honey for the common hive

143 — *Le*, English and Scotch are only the two sides of one  
 and the same coin *Pile* is the reverse of a coin

Pardon, young hero, this so long transport,  
Thy death more noble did the same extort  
My former satire for this verse forget,  
My fault against my recantation set  
I single did against a nation write,  
Against a nation thou didst singly fight  
My differing crimes do more thy virtue raise,  
And, such my rashness, best thy valour praise

162 — *Differing crimes* crime of causing differences

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear,  
Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
    Nor in the shadows sing  
    His numbers languishing

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
And oil the unused armour's rust ,  
    Removing from the wall  
    The corselet of the hall

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
In the inglorious arts of peace,  
    But through adventurous war  
    Urged his active star ,

10

And, like the three forked lightning, first  
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,  
    Did thorough his own side  
    His fiery way divide

(For 'tis all one to courage high,  
 The emulous, or enemy ,  
 And with such, to enclose,  
 Is more than to oppose ,)

20

Then burning through the air he went,  
 And palaces and temples rent ,  
 And Cæsar's head at last  
 Did through his laurels blast

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
 The face of angry Heaven's flame ,  
 And if we would speak true,  
 Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where  
 He lived reservèd and austere,  
 (As if his highest plot  
 To plant the bergamot ,)

30

Could by industrious valour climb  
 To ruin the great work of Time,  
 And cast the kingdoms old,  
 Into another mould ,

Though Justice against Fate complain,  
 And plead the ancient rights in vain ,  
 (But those do hold or break,  
 As men are strong or weak )

40

Nature that hateth emptiness,  
 Allows of penetration less,  
 And therefore must make room  
 Where greater spirits come

What field of all the civil war,  
 Where his were not the deepest scar ?  
 And Hampton shows what part  
 He had of wiser art ,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
 He wove a net of such a scope  
 That Charles himself might chase  
 To Caresbrooke's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne,  
 The tragic scaffold might adorn ,  
 While round the arm'd bands  
 Did clap their bloody hands

He nothing common did, or mean,  
 Upon that memorable scene,  
 But with his keener eye  
 The axe's edge did try ,

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
 To vindicate his helpless right ,  
 But bowed his comely head  
 Down, as upon a bed

50

60

52 —*Case* cage Lilburn calls Carisbrooke the mousetrap  
 into which Cromwell had lured Charles

This was that memorable hour,  
Which first assuied the forcèd power ,

So, when they did design  
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,  
Did fright the architects to run ,  
And yet in that the state  
Foresaw its happy fate

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed ,  
So much one man can do,  
That does both act and know

They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confessed  
How good he is, how just,  
And fit for highest trust

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,  
But still in the republic's hand—  
How fit he is to sway,  
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents  
A kingdom for his first year's rents ,  
And, what he may, forbears  
His fame, to make it theirs ,

70

80

66 — *Forcèd power* power forced by fate Cf “of force  
z e of necessity

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,  
To lay them at the public's skirt

90

So, when the falcon high  
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,  
But on the next green bough to perch,  
Where, when he first does lure,  
The falconer has her sure

What may not then our isle presume,  
While victory his crest does plume?

What may not others fear,  
If thus he crowns each year?

100

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,  
To Italy an Hannibal,  
And to all states not free,  
Shall climacteric be

The Pict no shelter now shall find  
Within his parti coloured mind,  
But, from this valour sad,  
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake,  
The English hunter him mistake,  
Nor lay his hounds in near  
The Caledonian deer

110

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,  
March indefatigably on ,

And for the last effect,  
Still keep the sword erect ,

Besides the force it has to fright  
The spirits of the shady night,

The same arts that did gun  
A power, must it maintain

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE GOVERNMENT UNDER HIS HIGHNESS  
THE LORD PROTECTOR

LIKE the vain curlings of the watery maze,  
Which in smooth streams a sinking weight does raise,  
So man, declining always, disappears  
In the weak circles of increasing years ,  
And his short tumults of themselves compose,  
While flowing time above his head does close  
Cromwell alone, with greater vigour runs  
(Sun like) the stages of succeeding suns,  
And still the day which he does next restore,  
Is the just wonder of the day before ,  
Cromwell alone doth with new lustre spring,  
And shines the jewel of the yearly ring  
'Tis he the force of scattered time contracts,  
And in one year the work of ages acts ,  
While heavy monarchs made a wide return,  
Longer and more malignant than Saturn ,  
And though they all Platonic years should reign,  
In the same posture would be found again  
Their earthly projects under ground they lay,  
More slow and brittle than the China clay ,

10

20

Well may they strive to leave them to their son,  
 For one thing never was by one king done  
 Yet some more active, for a frontier town  
 Took in by proxy, begs a false renown ,  
 Another triumphs at the public cost,  
 And will have won, if he no more have lost ,  
 They fight by others, but in person wrong,  
 And only are against their subjects strong ,  
 Their other wars are but a feigned contest,  
 This common enemy is still opprest , 30  
 If conquerors, on them they turn their might,  
 If conquerèd, on them they wreak their spite ,  
 They neither build the temple in their days,  
 Nor matter for succeeding founders raise ,  
 Nor sacred prophecies consult within,  
 Much less themselves to perfect them begin ,  
 No other care they bear of things above,  
 But with astrologers divine of Jove,  
 To know how long their planet yet reprieves  
 From their deservèd fate their guilty lives 40  
 Thus (image like) an useless time they tell,  
 And with vain sceptre strike the hourly bell ,  
 Nor more contribute to the state of things,  
 Than wooden heads unto the viol's strings ,  
 While indefatigable Cromwell hies,

23 —*Some*, one

38 —*I e*, except that they, with the aid of astrologers try to divine from Jove The 1655 edition has “astrologers divine, and Jove

And cuts his way still nearer to the skies,  
Learning a music in the region clear,  
To tune this lower to that higher sphere

So when Amphion did the lute command  
Which the god gave him, with his gentle hand, 50  
The rougher stones, unto his measures hewed,  
Danced up in order from the quarries rude,  
This took a lower, that a higher place,  
As he the treble altered, or the bass,  
No note he struck, but a new story laid,  
And the great work ascended while he played

The listening structuies he with wonder eyed,  
And still new stops to various time applied,  
Now through the strings a martial rage he throws,  
And joining straight the Theban tower arose, 60  
Then as he strokes them with a touch more sweet,  
The flocking marbles in a palace meet,  
But for the most he graver notes did try,  
Therefore the temples reared their columns high  
Thus, ere he ceased, his sacred lute creates  
The harmonious city of the seven gates

Such was that wondrous order and consent,  
When Cromwell tuned the ruling instrument,  
While tedious statesmen many years did hack,  
Framing a liberty that still went back, 70  
Whose numerous gorge could swallow in an hour,  
That island which the sea cannot devour  
Then our Amphion issues out and sings,  
And once he struck and twice the powerful strings.

The Commonwealth then first together came,  
And each one entered in the willing frame

All other matter yields, and may be ruled,  
But who the minds of stubborn men can build ?  
No quarry bears a stone so hardly wrought,  
Nor with such labour from its centre brought  
None to be sunk in the foundation bends,  
Each in the house the highest place contends,  
And each the hand that lays him will direct,  
And some fall back upon the architect ,  
Yet all, composed by his attractive song,  
Into the animated city throng

The Commonwealth does through their centres all  
Draw the circum'ference of the public wall ,  
The crossest spirits here do take their part,  
Fastening the contignation which they thwart  
And they whose nature leads them to divide,  
Uphold, this one, and that the other side  
But the most equal still sustain the height,  
And they, as pillars, keep the work upright,  
While the resistance of opposed minds  
The fabric, as with arches, stronger binds ,  
Which, on the basis of a senate free,  
Knit by the roof's protecting weight, agree

When for his foot he thus a place had found,  
He hurls e'er since the world about him round , 100  
And in his several aspects, like a star,

Here shines in peace, and thither shoots a war,  
While by his beams observing princes steer,  
And wisely court the influence they fear  
O, would they rather, by his pattern won,  
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry son,  
And in their numbered footsteps humbly tread  
The path where holy oracles do lead !  
How might they under such a captain raise  
The great designs kept for the latter days !  
But mad with reason (so miscalled) of state,  
They know them not, and what they know not, hate  
Hence still they sing Hosanna to the Whore,  
And her, whom they should massacre, adore,  
But Indians, whom they should convert, subdue,  
Nor teach, but traffic with, or burn the Jew  
Unhappy princes, ignorantly bred,  
By malice some, by error more misled,  
If gracious Heaven to my life give length,  
Leisure to time, and to my weakness strength,      110  
Then shall I once with graver accents shake  
Your regal sloth and your long slumbers wake,  
Like the shrill huntsman that prevents the east,  
Winding his horn to kings that chase the beast !  
Till then my Muse shall halloo far behind  
Angelic Cromwell, who outwings the wind,  
And in dark nights, and in cold days, alone

113 — *The Whore Rome*123 — *Prevents, &c* anticipate the sunrise

Pursues the monster thorough every throne  
 Which sinking to her Roman den impure,  
 Gnashes her gory teeth, nor there secure

130

Hence oft I think, if in some happy hou  
 High grace should meet in one with highest power,  
 And then a seasonable people still  
 Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will,  
 What we might hope, what wonderful effect  
 From such a wished conjuncture might reflect  
 Sure, the mysterious work, where none withstand,  
 Would forthwith finish under such a hand,  
 Foreshortened time its useless course would stay,  
 And soon precipitate the latest day

140

But a thick cloud about that morning lies,  
 And intercepts the beams to mortal eyes,  
 That 'tis the most which we determine can,  
 If these the times, then this must be the man,  
 And well he therefore does, and well has guessed,  
 Who in his age has always forward pressed,  
 And knowing not where Heaven's choice may light,  
 Girds yet his sword, and ready stands to fight  
 But men, alas! as if they nothing cared,  
 Look on, all unconcerned, or unprepared,  
 And stars still fall, and still the dragon's tail  
 Swinges the volumes of its horrid flail,  
 For the great justice that did first suspend  
 The world by sin, does by the same extend

150

Hence that blest day still counterpoised wastes,  
 The ill delaying, what the elected hastes,  
 Hence, landing, Nature to new seas is tossed,  
 And good designs still with their authors lost

And thou, great Cromwell, for whose happy birth  
 A mould was chosen out of better earth,— 160

Whose saint like mother we did lately see  
 Live out an age, long as a pedigree,  
 That she might seem, could we the fall dispute,  
 To have smelt the blossom, and not ate the fruit,—  
 Though none does of more lasting parents grow,  
 Yet never any did them honour so

Though thou thine heart from evil still unstained,  
 And always hast thy tongue from fraud restrained,  
 Thou, who so oft through storms of thundering lead  
 Hast borne securely thine undaunted head , 170

Thy breast through poniarding conspiracies,  
 Drawn from the sheath of lying prophecies ,  
 The proof beyond all other force or skill  
 Our sins endanger, and shall one day kill  
 How near they failed, and in thy sudden fall,  
 At once assayed to overturn us all !  
 Our brutish fury, struggling to be free,  
 Hurried thy horses, while they hurried thee ,  
 When thou hadst almost quit thy mortal cares,  
 And soiled in dust thy crown of silver hairs 180

Let this one sorrow interweave among

175 — *Te* How near our sins came to killing thee

The other glories of our yearly song  
Like skilful looms, which through the costly thread  
Of purling ore, a shining wave do shed,  
So shall the tears we on past grief employ,  
Still as they trickle, glitter in our joy  
So with more modesty we may be true,  
And speak, as of the dead, the praises due,  
While impious men, deceived with pleasure short,  
On their own hopes shall find the fall retort 190

But the poor beasts, wanting their noble guide,  
(What could they more?) shrunk guiltily aside  
First winged fear transports them far away,  
And leaden sorrow then their flight did stay  
See how they each their towering crests abate,  
And the green grass and their known mangers hate,  
Nor through wide nostrils snuff the wanton air,  
Nor their round hoofs or curlèd manes compare,  
With wandering eyes and restless ears they stood,  
And with shrill neighings asked him of the wood 200

Ihou, Cromwell, falling, not a stupid tree,  
Or rock so savage, but it mourned for thee  
And all about was heard a panic groan,  
As if that Nature's self were overthrown  
It seemed the earth did from the centre tear,  
It seemed the sun was fallen out of the sphere  
Justice obstructed lay, and reason fooled,  
Courage disheartened, and religion cooled,  
A dismal silence through the palace went,  
And then loud shrieks the vaulted marbles rent 210

Such as the dying chorus sings by turns,  
 And to deaf seas and ruthless tempests mourns ,  
 When now they sink, and now the plundering streams  
 Break up each deck and rip the oaken seams

But thee triumphant, hence, the fiery car  
 And fiery steeds had borne out of the war,  
 From the low world and thankless men, above  
 Unto the kingdom blest of peace and love  
 We only mourned ourselves in thine ascent,  
 Whom thou hadst left beneath with mantle rent , 220  
 For all delight of life thou then didst lose,  
 When to command thou didst thyself depose  
 Resigning up thy privacy so dear,  
 To turn the headstrong people's charoneer ,  
 For to be Cromwell was a greater thing  
 Than aught below, or yet above, a king  
 Therefore thou rather didst thyself depress,  
 Yielding to rule, because it made thee less

For neither didst thou from the first apply  
 Thy sober spirit unto things too high , 230  
 But in thine own fields exercisedst long  
 A healthful mind within a body strong ,  
 Till at the seventh time, thou in the skies,  
 As a small cloud, like a man's hand didst rise ,  
 Then did thick mists and winds the air deform,  
 And down at last thou pour'dst the fertile storm ,

Whica to the thirsty land did plenty bring,  
But, though forewarned, o ertook and wet the king

What since he did, an higher force him pushed  
Still from behind, and it before him rushed 240  
Though undiscerned among the tumult blind,  
Who think those high decrees by man designed,  
'Twas Heaven would not that his power should cease,  
But walk still middle betwixt war and peace,  
Choosing each stone and poising every weight,  
Trying the measures of the breadth and height,  
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,  
Founding a firm state by proportions true

When Gideon so did from the war retreat,  
Yet by the conquest of two kings grown great, 250  
He on the peace extends a warlike power,  
And Israel, silent, saw him rase the tower,  
And how he Succoth's elders durst suppress  
With thorns and briars of the wilderness,  
No king might ever such a force have done,  
Yet would not he be lord, nor yet his son

Thou with the same strength, and a heart so plain,  
Didst, like thine olive, still refuse to reign,  
Though why should others all thy labour spoil,  
And brambles be anointed with thine oil ? 260  
Whose climbing flame, without a timely stop,  
Had quickly levelled every cedar's top ,  
Therefore, first growing to thyself a law,  
The ambitious shrubs thou in just time didst awe  
So have I seen at sea, when whirling winds

Hurry the bark, but more the seamen's minds,  
Who with mistaken course salute the sand,  
And threatening rocks misapprehend for land,—  
While baleful tritons to the shipwreck guide,  
And corposants along the tacklings slide , 270  
The passengers all wearied out before,  
Giddy, and wishing for the fatal shore,—  
Some lusty mate, who with more careful eye  
Counted the hours, and every star did spy,  
The helm does from the artless steersman strain,  
And doubles back unto the safer main  
What though awhile they grumble, discontent?  
Saving himself, he does their loss prevent

'Tis not a freedom that, where all command,  
Nor tyranny, where one does them withstand , 280  
But who of both the bounders knows to lay,  
Him, as their father, must the State obey

Thou and thy house, like Noah's eight did rest,  
Left by the war's flood, on the mountain's crest ,  
And the large vale lay subject to thy will,  
Which thou but as an husbandman wouldest till ,  
And only didst for others plant the vine  
Of liberty, not drunken with its wine

That sober liberty which men may have,  
That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave 290

270.—Electric flames ( St. Elmo's fires ) that run along the yards of a ship

275.—Artless, wanting in art

And such as to their parents tents do press,  
May show their own, not see his nakedness

Yet such a Chammish issue still doth rage,  
The shame and plague both of the land and age,  
Who watched thy halting, and thy fall deride,  
Rejoicing when thy foot had slipped aside,  
That their new king might the hith sceptre shake,  
And make the world, by his example, quale  
Whose frantic army, should they want for men,  
Might muster heresies, so one were ten  
What thy misfortune, they the Spirit call,  
And their religion only is to fall  
O Mahomet! now couldst thou rise again,  
Thy falling sickness should have made thee reign,  
While Feak and Simpson would in many a tome  
Have writ the comments of thy sacred foam  
For soon thou mightst have passed among their want,  
Were't but for thine unmoved tulipant  
As thou must needs have owned them of thy band  
For prophecies fit to be alcoraned  
Accursed locusts, whom your king does spit  
Out of the centre of the unbottomed pit,  
Wanderers, adulterers, liars, Munzer's rest,  
Sorcerers, atheists, Jesuits, possest,

293 —*Chammish*, from Cham or Ham Noah son

300 —So one heresy were ten men There were few men  
but innumerable sects

301 —*Thy misfortune* epilepsy When it occurred in them  
selves they called it the Spirit moving them

You, who the Scriptures and the laws deface,  
 With the same liberty as points and lace ,  
 O race, most hypocritically strict !  
 Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict,  
 Well may you act the Adam and the Eve,  
 Ay, and the serpent too, that did deceive 320

But the great captain, now the danger's o'er,  
 Makes you, for his sake, tremble one fit moe ,  
 And, to your spite, returning yet alive,  
 Does with himself all that is good revive

So, when first man did through the morning new  
 See the bright sun his shining race pursue,  
 All day he followed, with unwearied sight,  
 Pleased with that other world of moving light ,  
 But thought him, when he missed his sitting bear s, 330  
 Sunk in the hills, or plunged below the streams,  
 While dismal blacks hung round the universe  
 And stars, like tapers, burned upon his hearse ,  
 And owls and ravens with their screeching noise  
 Did make the funerals sadder by their joys  
 His weeping eyes the doleful vigils keep,  
 Not knowing yet the night was made for sleep  
 Still to the west, where he him lost, he turned,  
 And with such accents, as despairing, mourned  
 " Why did mine eyes once see so bright a ray ?  
 Or why day last no longer than a day ?" 340  
 When straight the sun behind him he descried,  
 Smiling serenely from the farther side

So while our star that gives us light and heat,  
 Seemed now a long and gloomy night to threat,  
 Up from the other world his flame doth dart,  
 And princes, shining through their windows, start  
 Who their suspected counsellors refuse,  
 And credulous ambassadors accuse

“ Is this, saith one, “ the nation that we read,  
 Spent with both wars, under a captain dead ! ”

350

Yet rig a navy, while we dress us late,  
 And ere we dine, rase and rebuild a state ?  
 What oaken forests, and what golden mines ?  
 What mints of men, what union of designs ?  
 Unless their ships do as their fowl proceed  
 Of shedding leaves, that with their ocean breed  
 Theirs are not ships, but rather arks of war,  
 And beaked promontories sailed from far ,  
 Of floating islands a new hatched nest,

A fleet of worlds of other worlds in quest ,

360

An hideous shoal of wood Leviathans,  
 Armed with three tire of brazen hurricanes,  
 That through the centre shoot their thundering side,  
 And sink the earth, that does at anchor ride  
 What refuge to escape them can be found,  
 Whose watery leaguers all the world surround ?  
 Needs must we all their tributaries be,  
 Whose navies hold the sluices of the sea !  
 The ocean is the fountain of command,  
 But that once took, we captives are on land ,

370

355 — *Their fowl, barnacles*

And those that have the waters for their share,  
Can quickly leave us neither earth nor air ,  
Yet if through these our fears could find a pass  
Through double oak, and lined with treble brass ,  
That one man still, although but named, alarms  
More than all men, all navies, and all arms ,  
Him all the day, him in late nights I dread,  
And still his sword seems hanging o'er my head  
The nation had been ours, but his one soul  
Moves the great bulk, and animates the whole 380  
He secrecy with number hath inchased,  
Courage with age, maturity with haste ,  
The valiant's terror, riddle of the wise,  
And still his falchion all our knots unties  
Where did he learn those arts that cost us dear ?  
Where below earth, or where above the sphere ?  
He seems a king by long succession born,  
And yet the same to be a king does scorn  
Abroad a king he seems, and something more  
At home a subject on the equal floor 39c  
O could I once him with our title see,  
So should I hope yet he might die as we !  
But let them write his praise that love him best,  
It grieves me sore to have thus much confessed ”  
Pardon, great Prince, if thus their fear or spite,  
More than our love and duty do thee right ,  
I yield, nor further will the prize contend,  
So that we both alike may miss our end

381 — He has made use of numbers, but kept them secret.

While thou thy venerable head dost raise  
As far above their malice is my pruse,  
And, as the angel of our commonweal,  
Troubling the waters, yearly mak'st them heal

A POEM

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE HIGHNESS THE  
LORD PROTECTOR

THAT Providence which had so long the care  
Of Cromwell's head, and numbered every hair,  
Now in itself (the glass where all appears)  
Had seen the period of his golden years,  
And henceforth only did attend to trace  
What death might least so fair a life deface

The people, which, what most they fear esteem,  
Death when more horrid, so more noble deem,  
And blame the last act, like spectators vain,  
Unless the Prince, whom they applaud, be slain , 10  
Nor fate indeed can well refuse the right  
To those that lived in war, to die in fight

But long his valour none had left that could  
Endanger him, or clemency that would ,  
And he (whom Nature all for peace had made,  
But angry Heaven unto war had swayed,  
And so less useful where he most desired,  
For what he least affected was admired ,)  
Deservèd yet an end whose every part  
Should speak the wondrous softness of his heart      20

To Love and Grief the fatal writ was signed,  
(Those nobler weaknesses of human kind  
From which those Powers that issued the decree,  
Although immortal, found they were not free)  
That they to whom his breast still open lies  
In gentle passions, should his death disguise,  
And leave succeeding ages cause to mourn,  
As long as Grief shall weep, or Love shall burn

Straight does a slow and languishing disease,  
Eliza, Nature's and his darling, seize, 30  
Her, when an infant, taken with her charms,  
He oft would flourish in his mighty arms,  
And lest their force the tender burthen wrong,  
Slacken the vigour of his muscles strong,  
Then to the mother's breast her softly move,  
Which, while she drained of milk, she filled with love  
But as with riper years her virtue grew,  
And every minute adds a lustre new,  
When with meridian height her beauty shined,  
And thorough that sparkled her fairer mind, 40  
When she with smiles serene, in words discreet,  
His hidden soul at every turn could meet,  
Then might you have daily his affection spied,  
Doubling that knot which destiny had tied,  
While they by sense, not knowing, comprehend  
How on each other both their fates depend  
With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,  
And at her aspect calms his growing cares,

Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,  
 Hanging about her neck, or at his knees 50  
 Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both, or none,  
 This will not stay, when once the other's gone  
 A silent fire now wastes those limbs of wax,  
 And him within his tortured image racks  
 So the flower withering, which the garden crowned,  
 The sad root pines in secret under ground  
 Each groan he doubled, and each sigh she sighed,  
 Repeated over to the restless night,  
 No trembling string, composed to numbers new,  
 Answers the touch in notes more sad, more true 60  
 She, lest he grieve, hides what she can, her pains,  
 And he, to lessen hers, his sorrow feigns,  
 Yet both perceived, yet both concealed their skills,  
 And so, diminishing, increased their ills,  
 That whether by each other's grief they fell,  
 Or on their own redoubled, none can tell  
 And now Eliza's purple locks were shorn  
 Where she so long her father's fate had worn,  
 And frequent lightning, to her soul that flies,  
 Divides the air and opens all the skies 70  
 And now his life, suspended by her breath,  
 Ran out impetuously to hastening Death  
 Like polished mirrors, so his steely breast  
 Had every figure of her woes expressed,  
 And with the damp of her last gasps obscured,  
 Had drawn such stains as were not to be cured

Fate could not either reach with single stroke,  
 But the dear image fled, the mirror broke  
 Who now shall tell us more of mournful swans,  
 Of halcyons kind, or bleeding pelicans? 80  
 No downy breast did ever so gently beat,  
 Or fan with airy plumes so soft an heat,  
 For he no duty by his height excused,  
 Nor, though a prince, to be a man refused,  
 But rather than in his Eliza's pain  
 Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reign,  
 And in himself so oft immortal tried,  
 Yet in compassion of another died

So have I seen a vine, whose lasting age,  
 Of many a winter hath survived the rige, 90  
 Under whose shady tent, men every year,  
 At its rich blood's expense, their sorrows cheer,  
 If some dear branch where it extends its life  
 Chance to be pruned by an untimely knife,  
 The parent tree unto the grief succeeds,  
 And through the wound its vital humour bleeds,  
 Trickling in watery drops, whose flowing shape  
 Weeps that it falls ere fixed into a grape,  
 So the dry stock, no more that spreading vine,  
 Frustrates the autumn, and the hopes of wine 100

A secret cause does sure those signs ordain,  
 Foreboding princes' falls, and seldom vain  
 Whether some under powers, that wish us well,  
 What they above cannot prevent, foretell,  
 Or the great world do by consent presage,

As hollow seas with future tempests rage ,  
Or rather Heaven, which us so long foresees,  
Their funerals celebrates, while it decrees  
But never yet was any human fate  
By Nature solemnized with so much state 110  
He unconcerned the dreadful passage crossed,  
But oh ! what pangs that death did Nature cost !

First the great thunder was shot off, and sent  
The signal from the starry battlement  
The winds receive it, and its force outdo,  
As practising how they could thunder too ,  
Out of the binder's hand the sheaves they tote,  
And thrashed the harvest in the airy floor ,  
Or of huge trees, whose growth with his did rise,  
The deep foundations opened to the skies , 120  
Then heavy showers the wingèd tempests lead,  
And pour the deluge o'er the chaos head  
The race of warlike horses at his tomb  
Offer themselves in many a hecatomb ,  
With pensive head towards the ground they fall,  
And helpless languish at the tainted stall  
Numbers of men decrease with pains unknown,  
And hasten (not to see his death) their own  
Such tortures all the elements unfixed,  
Troubled to part where so exactly mixed , 130  
And as through air his wasting spirits flowed,  
The world with throes laboured beneath their load  
Nature, it seemed, with him would nature vie,  
He with Eliza, it with him would die

He without noise still travelled to his end,  
 As silent suns to meet the night descend ,  
 The stars that for him fought, had only power  
 Left to determine now his fatal hour,  
 Which since they might not hinder, yet they cast  
 To choose it worthy of his glories past 140  
 No part of time but bare his mark away  
 Of honour,—all the year was Cromwell s day ,  
 But this, of all the most auspicious found,  
 Twice had in open field him victor crowned ,  
 When up the armed mountains of Dunbar  
 He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war  
 What day should him eternize, but the same  
 That had before immortalized his name ?  
 That so whoe er would at his death have joyed ,  
 In their own griefs might find themselves employed  
 But those that sadly his departure grieved , [150  
 Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved ,  
 And the last minute his victorious ghost  
 Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast  
 Here ended all his mortal toils, he laid  
 And slept in peace under the laurel shade  
 O Cromwell ! Heaven's favourite, to none  
 Have such high honours from above been shown ,  
 For whom the elements we mourners see ,  
 And Heaven itself would the great herald be , 160  
 Which with more care set forth his obsequies  
 Than those of Moses, hid from human eyes ,

As jealous only here, lest all be less  
Than we could to his memory expies,

Then let us too our course of mourning keep,  
Where Heaven leads 'tis piety to weep  
Stand bcl, ye seas, and shiunk beneath the veil  
Of your abyss, with covered head bewail  
Your monarch we demand not your supplies  
To compass in our isle,—our teus suffice, 170  
Since him away the dismal tempest rent  
Who once more joined us to the continent,  
Who plunted England on the Flanderic shore,  
And stretched our frontier to the Indian ore,  
Whose greater truths obscure the fables old,  
Whether of British sunts or worthies told,  
And in a valour lessening Arthur's deeds,  
For holiness the Confessor exceeds

He first put arms into Religion's hand,  
And tumorous conscience unto courage manned, 180  
The soldier taught that inward mnl to wear,  
And fearing God, how they should nothing fear,  
Those strokes, he said, will pierce through all below,  
Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their blow  
Astonished armies did their flight prepare,  
And cities strong were stormed by his prayer,  
Of that for ever Preston's field shall tell  
The story, and impregnable Clonmel,

173 —By taking Dunkirk

174 —Jamaica

And where the sandy mountain Fenwick scaled,  
 The sea between, yet hence his prayer prevailed 190  
 What man was ever so in Heaven obeyed  
 Since the commanded sun o'er Gibeon stayed?  
 In all his wars needs must he triumph, when  
 He conquered God, still ere he fought with men  
 Hence, though in battle none so brave or fierce,  
 Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce,  
 Pity it seemed to hurt him more, that felt  
 Each wound himself which he to others dealt,  
 Danger itself refusing to offend  
 So loose an enemy, so fast a friend 200  
 Friendship, that sacred virtue, long does claim  
 The first foundation of his house and name  
 But within one its narrow limits fall,  
 His tenderness extended unto all,  
 And that deep soul through every channel flows,  
 Where kindly Nature loves itself to lose  
 More strong affections never reason served,  
 Yet still affected most what best deserved  
 If he Eliza loved to that degree,  
 (Though who more worthy to be loved than she?) 210  
 If so indulgent to his own, how dear  
 To him the children of the Highest were!  
 For her he once did Nature's tribute pay,  
 For these his life adventured every day,  
 And 'twould be found, could we his thoughts have cast,  
 Their griefs struck deepest, if Eliza's last

What prudence more than human did he need,  
To keep so dear, so differing minds agreed ?  
The worser sort, so conscious of their ill,  
Lie weak and easy to the ruler's will 220  
But to the good (too many or too few)  
All law is useless, all reward is due  
Oh ! ill advised if not for love, for shame,  
Spare yet your own, if you neglect his fame ,  
Lest others dare to think your zeal a mask,  
And you to govern only Heaven's task  
Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence died  
At once with him, and all that's good beside ,  
And we, Death's refuge, Nature's dregs, confined  
To loathsome life, alas ! are left behind 230  
Where we (so once we used) shall now no more,  
To fetch day, press about his chamber door,  
From which he issued with that awful state,  
It seemed Mars broke through Janus' double gate ,  
Yet always tempered with an air so mild,  
No April suns that e'er so gentle smiled ,  
No more shall hear that powerful language charm,  
Whose force oft spained the labour of his arm ,  
No more shall follow where he spent the days  
In war, in counsel, or in prayer and praise, 240  
Whose meanest acts he would himself advance,  
As ungirt David to the ark did dance  
All, all is gone of ours or his delight

226 —And that to govern you is a task Heaven only could  
accomplish

In horses heicc wild deer, or iorn u bright  
 Francisca fair can nothing now but weep  
 Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep

I saw him dead a lenden clumber ne  
 And mortal sleep over those wa'ful ey ~  
 Those gentle rays under the lids were fle ~  
 Which through his looks that piercing sweetness  
 shed

250

That port, which so majestic was and strong  
 Loose, and deprived of vigour, strctched along  
 All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan  
 How much another thing, no more that mi ~  
 O, human glory vain! O, Death! O, wing,!  
 O, worthless world! O transitory things!  
 Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape deciyed,  
 That still though dead, greater than Death he laid,  
 And in his altered face you something fai  
 That threatens Death, he yet will live again 260  
 Not much unlike the sacred oak, which shoots  
 To Heaven its branches, and through earth its roots,  
 Whose spacious boughs are hung with trophies round,  
 And honoured wreaths have oft the victor crowned,  
 When angry Jove darts lightning through the air  
 At mortal sins, nor his own plant will spare,  
 It groans and bruises all below, that stood  
 So many years the shelter of the wood,  
 The tree, erewhile foreshortened to our view,  
 When fallen shows taller yet thin as it grew, 270  
 So shall his praise to after times increase,

When truth shall be allowed, and faction cease,  
And his own shadows with him fall, the eye  
Detracts from objects than itself more high,  
But when Death takes them from that envied state,  
Seeing how little, we confess how great

Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse  
Shall the English soldier, ere he charge, rehearse,  
Singing of thee, inflame himself to fight,  
And, with the name of Cromwell, armies fight 280  
As long as rivers to the seas shall run,  
As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sun,  
While stags shall fly unto the forests thick,  
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,  
As long as future time succeeds the past,  
Always thy honour, praise and name, shall last !

Thou in a pitch how far beyond the sphere  
Of human glory tower'st, and reigning there,  
Despoiled of mortal robes, in seas of bliss  
Plunging, dost bathe, and tread the bright abyss ! 290  
There thy great soul yet once a world doth see,  
Spacious enough and pure enough for thee  
How soon thou Moses hast, and Joshua found,  
And David, for the sword and hup renowned,  
How straight canst to each happy mansion go,  
(Far better known above than here below,)  
And in those joys dost spend the endless day,  
Which in expressing, we ourselves betray !

For we, since thou art gone, with heavy doom,  
Wander like ghosts about thy loved tomb,

And lost in tears, have neither sight nor mind  
To guide us upward through this region blind ,  
Since thou art gone, who best that way couldst teach,  
Only our sighs, perhaps, may thither reach

And Richard yet, where his great parent led,  
Beats on the rugged track he virtue dead  
Revives, and by his milder beams assures ,  
And yet how much of them his grief obscures !  
He, as his father, long was kept from sight  
In private, to be viewed by better light , 310  
But opened once, what splendour does he throw !  
A Cromwell in an hour a prince will grow  
How he becomes that seat, how strongly strains ,  
How gently winds at once the ruling reins !  
Heaven to this choice prepared a diadem ,  
Richer than any Eastern silk, or gem  
A pearly rainbow, where the sun incased ,  
His brows, like an imperial jewel graced  
We find already what those omens mean ,  
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene 320  
Cease now our griefs, calm peace succeeds a war ,  
Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver  
Tempt not his clemency to try his power ,  
He threatens no deluge, yet foretells a shower

# CARMINA MISCELLANEA



## CARMINA MISCELLANEA

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### EPIGRAMMA IN DUOS MONTES, VIVOS CLIVIUM ET BILBOREUM

FARFACIO

CERNIS ut ingenti distinguant limite campi m  
Montis Amoschvi Bilboerique juga'  
Ille stat indomitus turrificus undique saxis,  
Cingit huic lætum firmans alta caput  
Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret,  
Huic quatunt virides lenia colla juba  
Fulcit Atlanteo rupes ea vertice colos,  
Collis at hic humeros subjicit Herculeos  
Hic, ceu canceribus, visum sylvique coeret,  
Ille oculos alter dum, quasi metu, trahit 10  
Ille giganteum sugit ceu Pelion Ossa,  
Hic agit, ut Pindi culmine, nympha choros  
Erectus, preceps, salebrosus, et arduus, ille,  
Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amoenus, hic est

*Epi gramma &c* —See the poem Upon the Hill and Grove  
at Billborow p 1

Ac similis domino cont Natura sub uno ,  
Farfaciaque tremunt sub ditione pares  
Dumque triumphanti terras perlabitur axe,  
Præteriens æqua stringit utrumque rota  
Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem ,  
Ut credas montes extimulasse suos 20  
Hi sunt Alcidæ Borealis nempe columnæ,  
Quas medio scindit vallis opaca freto  
An potius, longe sic prona cacumina nutant,  
Parnassus cupiunt esse, Maria, tuus !

24 — *Cupiunt* The ordinary reading is *captant* *Maria*  
Mary Fairfax Marvell's pupil

ROS

CERNIS, ut Eoi descendat gemmula roris,  
Inque rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu  
Sollicita flores stant ambitione supini,  
Et certant folius pellicuisse suis  
Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia sphœræ,  
Negligit hospitii limina picta novi,  
Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,  
Exprimit ætherei, qua licet, orbis aquas  
En, ut odoratum spernat generosior ostrum,  
Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede , 10  
Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus axem,  
Inde et languenti lumine pendet amans  
Tristis, et in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,  
Marcket, uti roseis lachryma fusa genis  
Ut pavet, et motum tremit irrequeta cubile,  
Et, quoties zephyri fluctuat aura, fugit '  
Qur'lis inexpertam subeat formido puellam,  
Sic ubi nocte redit incomitata domum,  
Sic et in horridulas agitatur gutta procellas,  
Dum præ virginæ cuncta pudore tumet , 20  
Donec oberrantem radio clemente vaporet,  
Inque jubar reducem sol genitale trahat

ROS — For Marvell's translation see p. 96

I alis, in humano si possit flore videri,  
 Exul ubi longas mens agit usque moras?  
 Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia cœli,  
 Evertit calices purpureosque thores,  
 Fontis stilla sacri, lucis scintilla perennis,  
 Non capitur Tyria veste, vapore Sabæ,  
 Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis arcem,  
 Colligit in gyros se sinuosa breves, 30  
 Magnorumque sequens animo conviva deorum,  
 Sidereum parvo fingit in orbe globum  
 Quam bene in aversæ modulum contracta figuræ,  
 Oppositum mundo claudit ubique latus,  
 Sed bibet in speculum radios ornata rotundum  
 Et circumfuso splendet aperta die  
 Qua superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra,  
 Cætera deditans, ardet amore poli  
 Subsilit, hinc agili poscens discedere motu,  
 Undique cœlesti cincta soluta viæ 40  
 Totaque in aereos extendit orbis cuius,  
 Hinc punctum carpens, mobile stringet ister  
 Haud aliter mensis exundans manna beatiss  
 Deserto jacuit stilla gelata solo  
 Stillæ gelata solo, sed solibus hausta benignis,  
 Ad sua, qua cecidit, purior istora redit

## HORTUS

QUISNAM adeo, mortale genus ! præcordia versat ?  
 Heu palmæ laurique furor, vel simplicis herbae !  
 Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores,  
 Tempora nec folis præcingat tota mælignis ,  
 Dum simul implexi, tranquillæ ad serua quietis,  
 Omnigeni coeunt flores, integraque sylva

Almi Ques, teneo te ! et te, germ na Que 15,  
 Simplicitis ! vos ergo diu per templi, per urbes  
 Quæsivi, regum perque alta palati, frustra  
 Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longe 10  
 Celâiant plantæ virides, et concolor umbra

O ! mihi si vestros liceat violasse recessus,  
 Erranti, lasso, et vitæ melioris inhelo  
 Municipem servate novum votoque potitum  
 Frondosæ cives optate in florea regna

Me quoque, vos Musæ, e<sup>t</sup> te, conscie, testor, Apollo,  
 Non armenta juvnt hominum, Circique boatus,  
 Mugitusve Foii sed me penetrali Veris,  
 Honoresque trahunt muti, et consortia sola

Virginea quæm non suspendit gratia formæ ? 20  
 Quam, candore nives vincentem, ostrumque rubore  
 Vestra tamen viridis superet (me judice) virtus ?

Nec foliis cerare come, nec brachia ramis,  
 Nec possint tremulos voces equare susueros  
 Ah ! quoties seuos vidi (quis credat ?) amantes,  
 Sculpenates dominæ potiori in cortice nomen !  
 Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris  
 Ast ego, si vestras unquam temeravero stirpes,  
 Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Faustina, Corynna, legetur ,  
 In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur arbos  
 O caræ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulmus ! 50  
 Hic Amor, exutis crepidatus inambulat alis,  
 Enerves arcus, et stridula tela reponens,  
 Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri ,  
 Aut exorrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ ,  
 Non auditurus, quanquam Cytherea vocarit  
 Nequitias referunt, nec somnia vana, priores  
 Lætantur Superi, defervescente tyranno,  
 Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque, 40  
 Arbore nunc melius potuuntur quisque cupita  
 Jupitur annosam, neglectâ conjuge, querum  
 Deperit, haud ahâ doluit sic pellice Juno  
 Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla cubile,  
 Nec Veneris Mavors meminit, si Fraxinus adsit  
 Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phœbus,  
 Ut fieret laurus , sed nil quæsiverat ultra  
 Capripes et peteret quod Pan Syringa fugacem,  
 Hoc erat, ut calamum posset reperire sonorum  
*Desunt multa*  
 Nec tu, opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis  
 Qui brevibus plantis, et laeto flore, notasti 50

Crescentes horas, atque intervalla dierum  
Sol ibi candidior fragrantia signa pereniat,  
Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Cancri,  
Securis violæque rossæque allabitur umbris  
Sedula quin et apis, mellito intenta labori,  
Horologo sua pensa thymo signare videtur  
Temporis O suaves lypsus ! O otia sana !  
O herbis dignæ numerari et floribus horæ !

DIGNISSIMO SLO AMICO DOCTORI  
WITTIE  
DE TRANSLATIONE VVICI ERRORUM D PRIMROSH

NEMPLe sic innumeo succrescunt agmine libri,  
Sepr viv toto ut jam natet una mari  
Fortius assidui suigunt a vulnere praeli  
Quoque magis pressa est, auctior Hydra redit  
Heu ! quibus anticis, quibus est sanabilis herbis,  
Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor !  
India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,  
Dicitur et nostris ingemuisse malis  
Utile tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,  
Acri veratro quod meliora potest  
Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas, 10  
Naribus O doctis quam pretiosus odor !  
Hac ego praecipuâ credo herbam dote placere,  
Hinc tuus has nebulas doctor in astri vehit  
Ah ! mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta ?  
Exsequias sitcen jam parat usque tuas  
Hunc subeas librum sancti seu limen asyli,  
Quem neque delebit flamma nec ira Jovis

DOCTORI WITTIE &c — The English version of these lines is  
given on p 107

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI  
ST JOHN, AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS

INGENIOSA viris contingunt nomina magnis  
Ut dubites casu vel ratione data  
Nam sors, cæca licet, tamen est præsagi futuri,  
Et sub fatidico nomine vera premit  
Et tu, cui soli voluit respublica credi,  
Fœdera seu Belgis seu nova beila feras,  
Haud frustia cecidit tibi compellatio fallax,  
Ast scriptum ancipiū nomine munus erat,  
Scilicet hoc Martis, sed Pacis nuntius illo  
Clivibus his Jani ferrea clausa regis 10  
Non opus arcenos chartis committere sensus,  
Et variâ licitos condere fraude dolos  
Tu quoque si ticeas, tamen est Legatio nomen,  
Et velut in scytale publica verba refert  
Vultis Ohverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem?  
Antiochus gyro non breviore stetit

DOCTORI INGELO,

CUM DOMINO WHITLOCKE AD REGINAM SUECIÆ  
DELEGATO A PROTECTORE, RESIDENTI, EPISTOLA

QUID facis, arctoi charissime transfuga cœli,

Ingele, proh sero cognite, rapte cito?

Num satis hybernum defendis pellibus astrum,

Qui modo tam mollis, nec bene firmus, eras?

Quæ gentes hominum, quæ sit natura locorum,

Sint homines, potius dic ibi sintne loca?

Num gravis horrisono polus obruit omnia lapsu,

Jungitur et præceps mundus utrâque nive?

An melius canis horrescit campus aristis,

Annuus agricolis et reddit orbe labor?

10

Incolit, ut fertur, sævam gens mitior oram,

Pace vigil, bello strenua, justa foro

Quin ibi sunt urbes, atque alta palatia regum,

Musarumque domus, et sua templa Deo

Nam regit imperio populum Christina ferocem,

Et dare jura potest regia virgo viris

Utque trahit rigidum magnes aquilone metallum,

Gaudet eam soboles ferrea sponte sequi

Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere famæ,

Invida num taceat plura, sonetve loquax

20

At, si vera fides, mundi melioris ab ortu,  
Sæcula Christinæ nulla tulere parem,  
Ipsa licet redeat (nostræ decus orbis) Eliza,  
Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit  
Vidimus effigiem, mistasque coloribus umbras  
Sic quoque Sceptripotens, sic quoque visa Dea  
Augustam decorant (raro concordia<sup>1</sup>) frontem  
Majestas et Amor, Forma, Pudorque simul  
Ingens virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore  
Agnoscas animos fulmineumque patrem  
Nulla suo nituit tam lucida stella sub axe  
Non ea quæ meruit crimine Nympha polum  
Ah<sup>1</sup> quoties pavidum demisit conscientia lumen,  
Utque suæ timuit Parrhasius ora Deæ?  
Et, simulet falsâ nî pictor imagine vultus,  
Delia tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi  
Nî quod inornati Trivæ sint forte capilli,  
Huic sed sollicitâ distribuantur acu  
Scilicet ut nemo est illâ reverentior æqui,  
Haud ipsas igitur fert sine lege comas  
Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique  
Est, et perpetuæ virginitatis honos  
Sic quoque Nympharum supereminet agmina collo  
Cynthia fertque choros per juga, perque nives  
Haud alitur pariles chlorum contrahit arcus,  
Acibus ast oculis tela subesse putas  
Luminibus dubites an stravent illa sagittis,  
Ouea fovet exuvias ardua colla, feram

Alcides, humeros coopertus pelle Nemaea  
 Haud ita labentis sustulit orbis onus 50  
 Heu quæ cervices subnectunt pectora tales,  
 Frigidiora gelu, candidiora nive?  
 Catera non licuit, sed vix ea tota, videri  
 Num clausi rigido stant adamante sinus  
 Seu chlamys artifici nimium succurrerit uso,  
 Sicque imperfectum fugerit impai opus,  
 Sive tribus spernat victrix certare Deabus,  
 Et pretium formæ, nec spoliata, ferat  
 Junonis properans, et clara trophæi Minei 60  
 Mollia nam Veneris præmia nôsse diget  
 Hinc neque consuluit fugitivæ prodigiæ formæ,  
 Nec timuit seris invigilâsse libris  
 Insomnem quoties Nymphæ monuere sequaces,  
 Decedit roseis heu color ille genus  
 Jamque vigil leni cessit Philomela sopori,  
 Omnibus et sylvis conticuere fera  
 Acrior illa tamen pergit, curasque fatigat,  
 Tanti est doctorum volvere scripta virum,  
 Et liciti quæ sint moderamina discere regni,  
 Quid fuerint, quid sit, noscere, quicquid cuit 70  
 Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit artes  
 Vindicat, et studus expiat una suis  
 Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile gentes,  
 Et geminis infans imbuit ora sonis  
 Transpositos Suecis credas migrâsse, Latinos  
 Carmine Romuleo sic strepit omne nemus  
 Upsala nec priscis impar memoratur Athenis,  
 Aegidaque et currus hic sua Pallas habet

Illinc O quales hiceat sperâsse liquores,  
 Quum Dea præsideat fontibus ipsa sacris <sup>1</sup> 80  
 Illic lacte fluant, illic et flumina melle,  
 Fulvaque inauratam tingat arena Salam  
 Upsalides Musæ nunc et majora canemus,  
 Quæque mihi fame non levis aura tulit  
 Creditur haud ulli Christus signâsse suorum  
 Occultam gemmâ de melioie notam  
 Quemque tenet charo descriptum nomine semper,  
 Non minus exsculptum pectore fida refert  
 Sola hæc virgineas depascit flamma medullas,  
 Et hinc pergit solvere corda foco <sup>90</sup>  
 Tu quoque sanctorum fastos, Christina, sacrabis,  
 Unica nec virgo Volsiniensis erit  
 Discite nunc Reges (majestas proxima cœlo)  
 Discite, proh, magnos hinc coluisse Deos  
 Ah <sup>1</sup> pudeat tantos puerilia fingeâe copta,  
 Nugas nescio quas, et male querere opes  
 Acer equo cunctos dum præterit ille Britanno,  
 Et pecoris spolium nescit inerme sequi ,  
 Ast aquilam poscit Germano pellere nido,  
 Deque Pùlatino monte fugare lupam , <sup>100</sup>  
 Vos etiam latos in prædam jungite campos,  
 Impiaque aïctatis cingite lustra plagiis  
 Victor Oliverus nudum caput exsensit armis,  
 Ducere sive sequi nobile l'etu, iter  
 Qualis jam senior Solymæ Godfredus ad arces,  
 Spinaque cui canis floruit alba comis

82 —*Issel, vulgo dicta*

106 —*There may here be, as Dr Grosart suggests, a pun on Whitlocke's name but the principal reference seems to be to the white plumc i Henry of Niv ure*

Et Lappos Christina potest et solvere Finnos,  
 Ultima quos Boreæ carcere claustra premunt,  
 Æolus quales venti fremuere sub antris  
 Et tentant montis corripuisse moras 110  
 Hanc Dea si summæ demiserit arce procellam,  
 Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperusque cadat!  
 Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris ipse,  
 Nec reditus spero tempora longa petit  
 Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore verba,  
 Solbus et tandem vere liquanda novo,  
 Sed radius hyemem Regina potentior unit,  
 Hæcque magis solvit, quam ligat illi polum  
 Dicitur et nostros mœrens audisse labores,  
 Fortis et ingenuam gentis amâsse fidem 120  
 Oblatæ Batavum nec paci commodat aurem,  
 Nec versat Danaos insidiosa dolos  
 Sed pia festinat mutatis foedera rebus,  
 Et libertatem, qua dominatur, amat  
 Digna cui Salomon meritos retulisset honores,  
 Et Saba concretum thure cremâsset iter  
 Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele', Musa,  
 Et labor est vestræ debitus ille lyræ  
 Nos sine te frustra Thamesis saliceta subimus,  
 Sparsaque per steriles turba vagamur agros 130  
 Et male tentanti querulam respondet aveni  
 Quin et Rogerio dissiluere fides  
 Hæc tamen absenti memores dictamus amico,  
 Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL

HÆC est quæ toties inimicos umbra fugavit,  
At sub qua cives otia lenta terunt

IN EANDEM REGINÆ SUECIAE  
TRANSMISSIONE

ELLIPOTENS virgo, septem Regina Trionum,  
Christina, arctoi lucida stella poli,  
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas  
Sicque senex armis impiger ora fero,  
Invicta fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
Exsequor et populi fortia jussa manu,  
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,  
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces

ΠΡΟΣ ΚΑΡΡΟΛΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ

Ω δυσαριστοτόκος, πεντω δυσποτμος αριθμός,  
Ω πέντε στυγερον, πέντε Αἴδαο πυλαι,  
Αγγλῶν ω μεγ δύειδος, ω ουρανίοισν απεχθει,  
Άλλ απελυμανες Κάρρολε τοῦτον ἡνα  
Πέμπτον τέκνον εδωλε μογοστόκος Εἰλειθυια,  
Πέντε δὲ πενταθλον τέκνα καλοῦσι τεύν,  
Ει δὲ θέλεις βιβλοις ταῦς οψιγόνοισι τίεσθαι,  
Πεντήτευχον ἔχεις παιοια διογενῆ  
'Η οτι θεσπεσιης φιλεεις Νηστωρας αιοδῆς,  
Άρμουνην ποιεῖς την δια πεντε Πατερ

## AD REGEM CAROLUM, PARODIA

JAM satis pestis, satis atque diri  
 Fulminis misit Pater, et rubenti  
 Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces  
 Terruit urbem

Terruit cives, grave ne rediret  
 Pristinum sæclum nova monstra questum,  
 Omne cum pestis pecus egit altos  
 Visere montes

Cum scholæ latis genus hæsit agris,  
 Nota quæ sedes fuerat bubulcis , 10  
 Cum, togâ abjectâ, pavidus reliquit  
 Oppida doctus

Vidimus Chamum fluvium, retortis  
 Littore a dextro violenter undis,  
 Ire plorantem monumenta pestis,  
 Templaque clausa

Granta dum semet nimium querenti  
 Miscet uxori, vagus et sinistrâ  
 Labitur ripa, Jove comprobante,  
 Tristior amnis 20

Audut cœlos acuisse ferrum,  
Quo graves Turcæ melius perirent ,  
Audut mortes, vitio parentum,  
Rara juventus

Quem vocet Divum populus ruentis  
Imperi rebus? Prece qua fatigent  
Doctior cœtus minus audientes  
Carmina cœlos?

Cui dabit partes luis expiandæ  
Jupiter, tandem venias, precamur, 30  
Nube candentes humeros amictus,  
Auxiliator

Sive tu mavis Erycina nostra,  
Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido,  
Tuque neglectum genus et nepotes  
Auxeris ipsa ,

Sola tam longam removere pestem,  
Quam juvat luctus, faciesque tristis,  
Prolis optatâ reparare mole  
Sola potesque 40

Sive felici Carolum figura  
Parvulus princeps imitetur, 7lmæ  
Sive Mariæ decoret puellam  
Dulcis imago

Seru in calum redens diuque  
 Ictus intersis populo Britanno  
 Nece te nostris virtus iniquum,

Octor auri

Follat Hic magnos potius triumphos,  
 Hic ames dici pater sique princeps, 50  
 Et novi mortes reparare prole,  
 Te pater, Cæsar

CUIDAM QUI LEGENDO SCRIPTURAM  
DECRIPTIS FORMAM, SAPIENTIAM SORDEMQUE  
AUTHORIS ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO  
DOMINO LANCELOTO JOSEPHO DE  
MANIBAN,

GRAMMATOMANII

QUIS posthac chutre committat sensa loquaci,  
Si sua crediderit fati subesse stylo,  
Conscia si prodat scribentis litera sortem  
Quicquid et in vitri plus latuisse velit?  
Flexibus in calamis tamen omnia sponte leguntur  
Quod non significant verba, figura notat  
Bellerophontea signat sibi quisque tribellas,  
Ignaramque manum spiritus intus agit  
Nil praeter solitum sapiebat epistola nostra,  
Exemplumque meae simplicitatis erat  
Fabula jucundos qualis delectat amicos,  
Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine, tota scatens  
Hic tamen interpres, quo non securior alter  
(Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei,)  
Rimatur fibras notularum cautus aruspex,  
Scripturæque inhians consultit exta mea

10

Inde statum vite casus, animique recessus,  
 Explicit (haud Genio pluri liquere putem) 20  
 Distribuit totum nostris eventibus orbem,  
 Et quo me rupiat cardine sphæra docet  
 Quæ Sol oppositus, quæ Mars aduersi minctui,  
 Jupiter aut ubi me, Luni Venusque juvent  
 Ut trucis intentæ mihi vulneri crudæ Draconis,  
 Vipereo levet ut vulnere more caput  
 Hinc mihi prætenti rationes atque futuri  
 Elicit, Astrologus certior Astronomo  
 Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,  
 Historæ superet sed genituri idem  
 Usque adeo coeli respondet pagini nostræ,  
 Astrorum et nexus syllaba scripti refert 30  
 Scilicet et toto subsunt oracula mundo,  
 Dummodo tot folis una Sibylla foret  
 Partum fortunæ mater natura propinquum  
 Mille modis monstrat, mille per indicia,  
 Ingentemque uterum qua mole puerpera solvat,  
 Vivit at in præsens maxima pars hominum  
 Ast tu sorte tua gaude, celeberrime vatum  
 Scribe, sed haud superest qui tua fata legat  
 Nostra tamen si fas presagia jungere vestris,  
 Quo magis inspècti sidera spernis humum, 40  
 Et, nisi stellarum fueris divina propago,  
 Naupliada credam te Palamede satum,  
 Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,  
 Sidereaque idem nobilis arte fuit  
 Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit,  
 Nec minus augurium litera quam dat avis

20

30

40

INSCRIBENDA LUPARÆ

CONSURGIT Luparæ dum non imitabile culmen,  
Escuriale ingens uritur invidia

Regibus haec posuit Ludovicus templa futuris ,  
Gratior ast ipsi Castra fuere domus

Hanc sibi sydeream Ludovicus condidit aulam ,  
Nec se propterea credidit esse Deum

Atria miraris, summotumque Aethera tecto ,  
Nec tamen in toto est arctior orbe casa

Instituente domum Ludovico, prodit orbis ,  
Sic tamen augustos incolit ille Lares

Sunt geminæ Jani portæ, sunt testa Tonantis ,  
Nec deerit Numen dum Ludovicus adest

## IN EUNUCHUM POETAM

NEC sterilem te ciede, licet mulieribus exul  
Falcem virginæ nequeas immittere messi,  
Et nostro peccare modo Tibi fama perennis  
Praeognabit, rapiesque novem de monte sorores,  
Et pariet modulos Echo repetita nepotes

IN THE FRENCH TRANSLATION OF  
LUCAN, BY MONS DE BREBEUF,  
ARE THESE VERSES —

C'EST de luy qui nous vient cet art ingenieux  
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux ,  
Et, par les traits divers de figures tracees,  
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensees

TRANSLATED

Facundis dedit ille notis, interpiete plumas  
Insinuare sonos oculis, et pingere voces,  
Et mentem chartis, oculis impertit vim



## NOTES



## N O T E S

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### UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILLBOROW

Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, afterwards first Lord Fairfax, was born in the manor house at Bilbrough in 1560, and in 1609 Sir Philip Fairfax, of Steeton, whose father had bought the house, made over all the rights to it to Sir Thomas Fairfax

Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, to whom this poem is addressed, was son of Sir Ferdinando Fairfax and Mary, daughter of Edward Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave. Lord Fairfax was commander in chief of the Parliamentary army until 1650, when he resigned the post. He died at Nunappleton in 1671, and his tomb is in Bilbrough Church. The hill, with its clump of trees (the 'Grove'), commanded a view of the plain of York, and was a favourite resort of the General during his retirement at Nunappleton.

P 2, l 30

"On Bilbrough Hill, 145 feet above the sea, there was then a great clump of trees, which was a landmark for ships going up the Humber, the land rising very gradually from the Wharfe at Nunappleton, and being crowned by this conical grassy hill, with its leafy tuft" (*Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*, by C R Markham, 1870, p 58)

P 2, l 43

Lord Fairfax married, in 1637, Anne Vere, daughter of Horatio, first Baron Vere, under whom he had served in the war in the Low Countries

P 4, l 74

The oaks of Dodona

#### UPON APPLETON HOUSE

Nunappleton —Markham (*Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*) tells the story referred to in this poem. The Cistercian nunnery of Appleton, four miles from Steeton, was presided over in the time of the second Sir William Fairfax by the Lady Anna Langton. A young lady named Isabella Thwaites, who had been placed under her charge, met and became attached to William Fairfax, but the Abbess, who had other views for her ward, shut her up to prevent her meeting her lover. At length higher authorities

interfered, and after a forcible entry into the nunnery, Isabella was released and married to Fairfax at Bolton Percy in 1518. She brought to her husband the estates of Denton and Askwith in Wharfedale, and other property in York. Sir William Fairfax and his wife lived for many years, and Sir William was in favour with Henry VIII. In 1542 the Abbess, Anna Langton, by the irony of fate, had to surrender her nunnery to Thomas and Guy, sons of the lady whom she had imprisoned. They pulled down the religious buildings, and built a house out of some of the materials.

P 6, l 36

Vere is of course Lady Fairfax. Cf l 724, "The starry Vere."

P 9, l 119

"Can" is altered to "you" by Dr Grosart, to the detriment of the sense.

P 12, l 199

*Ie*, "Religion, which she henceforward does begin, hath dispensed with her promised faith" to Fairfax.

P 13, l 232

Sir Guy Fairfax, the Judge. He built a castle at Steeton, and died in 1495.

P 14, l 245

This is possibly an allusion to an old prophecy which was supposed to have referred to James I. Dr

Grosart suggests that for "one" we should read "on" (onwards).

P. 14, l. 268.

The 1681 text reads "hath." The singular verb was often used with a collective noun.

P. 15, l. 282.

Cf. Milton's Sonnet "To my Lord Fairfax."

"Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise."

P. 16, l. 303.

*I.e.*, though the flowers are not comparable with her.

P. 17, l. 349.

When Fairfax gave up the position of Commander-in-Chief he retired from Walmer Castle, the residence of the Warden of the Cinque Ports.

P. 18, l. 363.

An ancient residence of the Archbishops of York, a few miles from Bilbrough.

P. 20, l. 416.

Cotgrave says, "A sourdet, the little pipe or tenon put into the mouth of the trumpet to make it sound low; also a sordine, or a kind of hoarse or low-sounding trumpet."

P. 20, l. 428.

Plutarch (North's translation) says that Alexander's "skin had a marvellous good savour, and that his

breath was very sweet all the apparel he wore next unto his body too<sup>l</sup> thereof a passing delightful savour, as it had been perfumed'

P 21, l 456

See *Gondibert*, Canto VI In Astragon's Temple were paintings of the six days of creation

Then straight an universal herd appears  
First graving on each other in the shade  
Wondering with levelled eyes, and lifted ears  
Then play whilst yet their tyrant [man] is unmade

P 22, l 472

"Isle" is again used as a verb in Maivell's "Loyal Scot" and "Advice to a Painter"

P 22, l 476

It was a popular belief that hairs of a horse's tail placed in water would become eels

P 24, l 538

"Holt" is German for a wood, and Dr Grosart suggests that "holtfelster" is a forester. The meaning is that the hewholder performs the forester's duty of deciding which trees shall be felled

P 25, l 564

*It*, and there is little now wanting to make me one of the fowls or plants

P 27, l 610

Straying Cf Milton's *Lycidas*, "With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown"

P 27, l 62*f*

Cf. Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, II 7  
 "Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by  
 the operation of your sun so is your crocodile"

P 28, l 65*i*

Mary, Lord Fairfax's daughter, and Marvell's  
 pupil She was born at Bishophill on the 30th of  
 July, 1638, and married the royalist George Villiers,  
 Duke of Buckingham, in 1657 The marriage aroused  
 the suspicion of the Government, and the Duke was  
 imprisoned until Fairfax gave bail for his good  
 behaviour

P 31, l 73*g*

This may mean, "supplies graces beyond the  
 line (or limit) of her sex," or "supplies the family  
 line (beyond her sex), with graces, ' &c

P 32, l 75*g*

Dr Grosart, following older editions, alters "Much  
 less" to "Nor e'en," and, in the following line, reads  
 "not" for "nor"

P 32, l 76*g*

The 1681 text reads, obscurely,

"Tis not what once it was, the world,  
 But a rude heap together hurled

The present reading is from the 1726 edition

## BERMUDAS

P 39, 1 1

These islands were called Bermudas after their discoverer, Juan Bermudaz (1522) Oviedo, who was on board Bermudaz's ship, calls Bermuda "the remotest island in the whole world" In 1609 Admiral Sir George Somers was wrecked on the islands on his way to Virginia, and they were for long afterwards called Somers' Isles Sixty persons from Virginia settled on the islands, under Henry More, and others came from England to escape the tyranny that led to the Civil War In 1621 the Bermuda Company of London granted a charter, promising the colonists the right, among other things, of worship See Mr Thorn Drury's 'Waller,' p 308

## CLORINDA, AND DAMON

P 41, 1 2

Dr Grosart alters the sense by inserting a comma after "late"

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND  
CREATED PLEASURE

P 47, 1 51

The 1681 text has "All this fair and cost, and  
sweet"

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF  
HER FAWN

P 49, l 15

The spirit of this poem, as Dr Grosart aptly points out, is akin to that of Blake's "Auguries of Innocence"

A robin redbreast in a cage  
Puts all heaven in a rage  
A dove house filled with doves and pigeons  
Shudders hell through all its regions

A skylark wounded in the wing  
A cherubim does cease to sing

Kill not the moth nor butterfly,  
For the last judgment draweth nigh

P 53, l 119

Dr Grosart and other editors have altered the "there" of the 1681 edition to "then"

## TO HIS COY MISTRESS

P 57, l 34

"Glew" (1681 edition)

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER

P 58, l 16

Cesar is said to have been preserved by the operation in midwifery here referred to

P 60, l 64

Heraldic terms,—a red lover in a black field

## THE GALLERY

P 62, l 42

"Dost (1681 edition)

P 63, l 48

Charles I at Whitehall, and the Gonzaga Dukes of Mantua, were great art collectors

## MOURNING

P 65, l 3

'Infants' here means simply tears, and there is no allusion to reflections in the pupil, as in "to speculate his own baby in their eyes" (Marvell's "Rehearsal Transpros'd")

## DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

P 71, l 80

Exodus xvi, and Psalm lxxviii 30

P 71, l 84

See *Notes and Queries*, 4th S, VII 91, and Brind's "Popular Antiquities," 1853 I 314 5, for details of the folk lore of fern seed Cf Ben Jonson's "New Inn" —

I had

No medicine sin to go invisible

No fern seed in my pool et

## THE PICTURE OF LITTLE I C IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

P 76, l 38

Preceding editors alter the "Do of the 1681 edition to "Should"

A DIALOGUE BETWEE~~N~~ THY~~SIS~~ AND DORINDA

P 78, l 24

A dog's name

P 78, l 26

"And there, most sweetly, thine ear May feast,"  
&c (1681 folio)

P 78, l 29

I follow Dr Grosart in the insertion of the word  
"to" The 1681 folio reads "our time, come"

P 79, l 41

"Convince't" (1681 folio)

## DAMON THE MOWER

P 85, l 12

Frogs injured by the heat can, as if hamstrung,  
dance no more

P 86, l 31

Properly "does," but that would spoil the rhythm

## ON A DROP OF DEW

For the Latin version see p 171

## THE GARDEN

For the Latin version see p 173

P 98, l 7

The reading of the 1726 edition The 1681 edition  
has "While all flowers and all trees do close"

P 99, l 33

I follow Dr Grosart and preceding editors in changing the "in" of the 1681 edition to "is" But "in"—*e*, in this garden—may after all be correct

P 100, l 54

*Combs* Altered in preceding editions to "claps," without any notice of the change made

P 100, l 66

See Mrs Hemans's "Dial of Flowers," Charlotte Smith's "Horologe of the Field," and Mr Buckton's paper in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., vi 215 Linnæus formed a dial of forty six flowers, and Loudon has given information to assist those who wish to form a floral dial (Grosart)

## UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS

From *Lachrymae Musarum*, a collection of elegies published by R B(rome) upon the death of Henry, Lord Hastings in 1649 Among the writers were Dryden, Herrick, Denham, and Charles Cotton

P 101, l 3

Henry, Lord Hastings, eldest son of Ferdinando, sixth Earl of Huntingdon, and Lucy, daughter of Sir John Davis, of Englefield, died of small pox on June 24, 1649, in his twentieth year

P 101, l 12

Delay, from the sucker fish, *Echeneis remora*

P 101, l 18

See "The First Anniversary of the Government under the Lord Protector," *l. 17*

P 103, l 48

Sir Theodore Myerne, physician whose daughter Lord Hastings was to have married Dryden, then a youth of seventeen, referred to this lady in his lines on Lord Hastings,—

But thou O virgin widow left alone  
 Now thy beloved heaven ravished spouse is gone  
 Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply  
 Medicines, when thy balm is as no remedy

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR RICHARD LOVPLACE,  
 UPON HIS LOEMS

Printed in "Lucastri Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c., to which is added Aramanthi, a Pastorall By Richard Lovelace, Esq., 1649" Lovelace (1618-1658) was one of the most charming of the Cavalier poets, and these lines contain a repudiation of a charge that Marvell was among those who had attacked him

P 105, l 21

Joseph Caryl and others

P 105, l 32

In March, 1642, a petition from Kent, praying for a restoration of the bishops, liturgy, and common prayer, was voted seditious at a conference of both

Houses, and ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. On the 30th of April a similar petition was presented, and Lovelace, who introduced it, was imprisoned. He was released after seven weeks on finding bail.

P 105, 1 34

Anthony Wood says that at the age of sixteen, when Lovelace matriculated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, he was "much admired and adored by the female sex,"—"but especially after, when he retired to the great city." In 1636, through the intercession of a great lady, the degree of M.A. was given to Lovelace after only two years' residence.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, DOCTOR WITTY

Printed first in "Popular Errours, or the errours of people in physick, first written in Latine by Jacobus Primerosius Translated into English by R. Whittie," 1651. Robert Whitty also wrote books about the Scarborough Spa, &c.—For the Latin version of these lines see p. 176.

ON PARADISE LOST

These lines appeared first in the 1674 edition of Milton's poem. The 1681 text has for heading, "On Mr Milton's *Paradise Lost*." Milton died on November 18, 1674. In 1673, in the Second Part of the *Rehearsal Transprosed*, Marvell had written a worthy defence of Milton against the charge made by Parker and others that Milton had assisted in writing the First Part of that work.

## P 110, l 22

In 1674, the year in which these lines appeared, Dryden published an Opera called *The State of Innocence*, adapted from *Paradise Lost* with a fulsome dedication to the Duchess of York. Aubrey says that Dryden asked Milton's permission "to put his *Paradise Lost* into a drama in rhyme." Mr Milton received him civilly, and told him that he would give him leave to tag his verses. Marvell's lines fully confirm this story, indeed, towards the end he uses the very expression—"the poets tag them"—put into Milton's mouth by Aubrey. Dryden's play was entered at Stationers Hall in April, 1674, but was not published till the end of the year—after Milton's death. Many hundred copies, however (as Dryden tells us), had in the meantime been dispersed abroad, and these transcripts were full of errors.

## P 111, l 47

Dryden, who was called "Bayes" in the *Rehearsal* (1672) Milton is said to have called Dryden a great rhymier, but no poet.

## P 111, l 50

Tagged laces "Tags" were the metal points at the ends of the laces by which dresses were fastened. Dryden, by "tagging" Milton's lines, put on the fashionable points at the ends.

## P 111, l 52

Marvell wished to praise, but could only commend,

because the requirements of the verse made it necessary to find a rhyme to "offend"

## AN EPITAPH UPON —

P 112, l 19

"So" in 1681 edition

## TWO SONGS

Mary, Cromwell's third daughter (born 1637), became, on Nov 19, 1657, second wife of Thomas Belasyse, second Viscount Fauconberg, afterwards Earl of Fauconberg (1627 1700) She died in 1712 (See Pepys's *Diary*, June 12, 1663) Lord Fauconberg went over to the Parliamentarians during Cromwell's rule, became a Royalist again at the Restoration, and joined in the invitation to William III to accept the English crown

## ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE

Cruising off Cadiz, Admiral Blake (1599 1657) received news that a fleet from America had reached Santa Cruz, Teneriffe He at once set sail, and arrived at Santa Cruz at daybreak on April 20, 1657 Entering the bay, he found the West Indian fleet anchored round the shore, commanded by the castle and forts , but by the evening all the Spanish vessels were destroyed, without the loss of a single English vessel The victory was celebrated by a public thanksgiving on June 3 , but Blake died on his way home, on August 7, at the entrance of Plymouth Sound (See Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Blake*, 346 54)

P 120, l 22

"It," the darkness The 1681 edition has "theirs," which may be right, meaning "their fear"

P 120, l 25

Santa Cruz de Teneriffe The geographers of that time ran the first line of longitude through Ferrol (Grosart)

P 122, l 98

An allusion to the Spanish commandant's answer to the Dutch captain who wished to leave the bay

P 123, l 110

The 1681 edition has "works," altered in subsequent editions to "work"

P 123, l 117

Sir Richard Stayner, who captured the Plate fleet on Sept. 8, 1656 The loss to Spain was nearly two millions in treasure alone (Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Blake*, 332-37)

P 125, l 162

After waiting two days to repair the damage sustained by his ships, Blake left Santa Cruz, and reached his former station, Cape Santa Maria, on May 2, 1657

## THE LOYAL SCOT

The ships were burnt on June 12, 1667 Captain Archibald Douglas—the "loyal Scot"—was really

an officer in the army, but having been ordered to defend the "Royal Oak," he refused to leave the ship after it was on fire, saying that "it should never be told that a Douglas had quitted his post without orders. His men all left the vessel, and he remained alone to die.

This poem is in the *State Poems* of 1703, but there is an earlier version (in which lines 63, 64, 93 101, and 106 117 are wanting), in a little volume published by Charles Gildon in 1694, entitled *Chorus Poetarum*, and re-issued in 1698 as *The Poetical Remains of the Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Etheridge, Mr Milton, Mr Andrew Marvel, &c*. I have indicated the principal points in which this version varies from that of 1703.

P 126, l 14

Cleveland wrote a poem, in Latin and English, which he called "*Rebellis Scotus, The Rebel Scot A satire on the nation in general*." He ends thus—

A Scot, when from the gallows tree got loose,  
Drops into Styx and turns a Soland goose

P 127, l 21

*Tyne* The old texts have "Seine"

P 127, l 22

"Hardened with cold those limbs" (1698 version)

P 128, l 48

"Bee," from 1698 version, "bees" in later reprints

P 128, l 56\*

"As one that hugs himself in his warm bed"  
(1698 version)

P 128, ll 59, 60

If e'er my verse may claim  
That matchless grace, to propagate &c

(1698 version)

P 128, l 63

Cleveland, who had satirized the Scotch, is here represented as praising one of them. He is said, therefore to leave his former Pegasus for the Scotch "Galloway" which is sometimes the better horse. If this conjecture is right, "skip" is here used for "shift". It has been suggested that for "skip" we should read "ship" (Grosart)

P 128, l 66

"Unite our difference, fill the," &c (1698 version)

P 129, l 79

"Sudden" in 1698 version

P 129, l, 81

*Thrifty* A satirical touch

P 129, l 82

*Trent*, from the 1698 version The *State Poems* have "from"

P 129, l 92

Holy Island is only eleven miles from the Tweed, it is mentioned by way of pun

## P 129, l 98

Alexander Burnet, Archbishop of Glasgow, was forced to resign his See in 1669, after opposing for several years Lauderdale's ecclesiastical policy

## P 129, l 99

Wolcot (Peter Pindar) writes

As Becket that good saint, sublimely rode  
Heedless of insult through the town of Strode

he had his horse's tail cut off, whereupon he gave vent to such a malediction that

The men of Strode are born with horses' tails

(See *N and Q*, 4th S, vi 370)

## P 129, l 101

Referring to Jenny Geddes famous missile

## P 130, l 123

"Works" in 1698 version

## P 131, l 146

Grosart gives "alone" instead of the "atone" of the 1698 and 1703 versions

## P 132, l 160

The allusion is to Cleveland's "Rebel Scot" and "The Scots Apostasie"

## AN HORATIAN ODE

Printed first in Thompson's edition of the Works  
This poem was written probably in June, 1650

P 133, ll 13 20

These difficult stanzas may refer to Cromwell's quarrel with Manchester, or to his leadership of the army in the struggle with the Presbyterian party in 1647. The meaning seems to be Restless Cromwell first broke his fiery way through his own party, for to ambition ("courage high") rivals and enemies are the same, and with ambitious men ("such") to restrain their energies is more than to oppose them

P 134, l 26

So the original text The American edition has "force"

P 135, l 42

The schoolmen said that no matter could inter penetrate or occupy the same space as other matter

P 135, l 54

Charles I fled from Hampton Court to Carisbrooke in November, 1647, and it was often said, though without foundation, that Cromwell had connived at the escape for his own ends

P 135, l 64

According to Gardiner, Charles actually lay down, so that Marvell's line is more than a mere metaphor

P 136, l 69

Phny's Natural History, xxviii 4

P 136, l 86

Cromwell was recalled from Ireland on Jan 8, 1650, to serve in Scotland He returned to England

after the fall of Clonmel in May, and in June, Fairfax having resigned his commission, he was appointed Commander in Chief

P 137, l 90

To take hold of the skirt was a token of placing oneself under the protection of the wearer (See Zechariah viii 23, and 1 Samuel xv 27 )

P 137, ll 101 4

*I*e, Cromwell will conquer a Gaul or Italy, and will be a turning point in the history of all States not free, by setting them free

P 137, l 106

Dryden, in his Poem on Cromwell's Death, spoke of "treacher us Scotland, to no interest true Marvell is here punning on the meaning of the words "Pict" and "pictus," as Cleveland does in the "Rebel Scot"

Apage superbae fraudulentiae simul  
Prosapia Pictos fide et pictos, procul

or, in the English version

"Hence then, you proud impostors, get you gone,  
You Picts in gentry and devotion

#### THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Published as a quarto pamphlet in 1655, attributed to Waller in the *State Poems* of 1707 Thompson printed the poem from a MS version

P 139, l 17

See Plato's *Republic*, Bk viii, c 3

P 139, l 19

"Earthly," from the original pamphlet of 1655,  
 The ordinary reading is "earthly"

P 139, l 20

Chinese porcelain was believed to be made of earth  
 which lay in preparation underground for a century

P 140, l 40

"The deserved fate" in the 1655 pamphlet

P 141, l 63

So Thompson The 1655 and 1707 versions have,  
 "But, for the most the grover, &c

P 141, l 69

The statesmen of the expelled Rump

P 142, l 99

The following fifty lines refer to Cromwell's attempt  
 to form a general Protestant league, which the Dutch  
 and Swedes, led by reasons of State, were unwilling  
 to join

P 143, l 106

Psalm ii 12

P 143, l 125

"Hollow" in the 1707 text

P 144, ll 151-2

Rev xii 4, Milton's *L'Allegro*, 108

P 145, l 157

*Te*, Nature (or that which is good) would land  
but is driven away

P 145, l 161

Elizabeth Steward, who died 16th Nov 1654,  
aged 94 (Vaughan's *The Protectorate of Oliver Crom-  
well*, 1 81)

P 145, l 167

“Unstained” from the 1655 pamphlet The  
ordinary reading is “sustained”

P 145, l 171

Gerard's plot, May, 1654 Gerard and Vowel were  
executed in July

P 145, l 173

“Thee proof” in the 1655 pamphlet

P 145, l 177

Thompson reads “British”

P 145, l 178

Cromwell's coach was overturned when he himself  
was driving in Hyde Park, on Sept 24, 1654  
(Thurloe, II 652, Vaughan, 1 69)

P 146, l 184

Gold embroidery Cf Hill, Henry VIII, an 12  
“cloth of tissue, and powdered with red roses,  
purled with fine gold”

P 146, l 206

So in the 1655 version, and in that printed by Thompson The *State Poems* have "fallen from his sphere

P 147, l 214

The 1655 pamphlet and Thompson read "oaken" the *State Poems*, "open"

P 147, l 218

This line closely follows the one in Milton's *Lycidas*, "In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love"

P 147, l 231

So in the 1655 pamphlet Later versions have "field"

P 147, l 233

I Kings xviii 44 46

P 148, l 249

Gideon extended the war with the Midianites so as to include the people of Succoth and Penuel (Judges viii)

P 148, l 260

Judges ix 14, 15

P 148, l 264

The expelled Long Parliament

P 150, l 291

Genesis ix 22, 23

P 150, l 295

"Divide" (*State Poems*)

P 150, II 297 8

The Fifth Monarch men, and the Quakers

P 150, I 305

Christopher Feake, originally a minister of the Church of England, become a Baptist and Fifth-monarchy man. He was imprisoned by Cromwell in 1653 (Brook's *Lives of the Puritans*, II 308 311)

John Simpson, another Anabaptist, was imprisoned with Feake in 1653, but was released in 1654. Feake and Simpson "preached most scornfully against Cromwell's Government" (*Ib* II 405 411)

P 150, I 308

Turban *Ie*, Mahomet would have proved acceptable to the Quaker, if only because Mahometans do not take up their turbans, for many Quakers were sent to prison because they would not remove their hats

P 150, I 313

Thomas Munzer, the Anabaptist

"Rest" means "remains, dregs", that is, what is left of Munzer's crew of Anabaptists

P 151, I 319

Some Anabaptists and Quakers went naked

P 151, I 325

"New," from the 1655 pamphlet. Later versions give "dew"

P 151, I 328

Cf Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II 866-7

'Thou wilt bring me soon

To that new world of light and bliss

P 152, l 345

Penn's expedition against the Spanish colonies in the West Indies, which sailed in Dec., 1654, is probably referred to here

P 152, ll 345 6

In the 1655 edition these lines end "he darts  
'starts"

P 152, l 358

Cf Milton, *Lycurgus*, 94

That blows from off each beaked promontory

P 152, l 362

A three decker, with three tiers of brass guns,  
double oak means extra strong oak

P 152, ll 362 seq

"The superiority of the English was indubitable. Their advantage lay firstly in the superior build of their ships—they were longer and stouter, but also in particular in the bronze cannon which they carried, which were of longer range than the Dutch guns" (Ranke's *History of England*, 1875, iii 70)

P 153, l 374

An echo of Horace's "Illi robur triplex," &c  
(Cum I 3, 9)

P 153, l 391

Grosart misses the point by reading "without title" The 1655 edition has "our title"

A POEM UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE HIGHNESS  
THE ~~Lord~~ PROTECTOR

Thompson was the first editor who published this piece Cromwell died on the 3rd of September, 1658

P 156, l 30

Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, the Protector's favourite daughter, died on Friday, August 6, 1658 "But as to his Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery in the pains she endured, took deep impression on him" (Carlyle's *Cromwell*)

P 157, ll 67 8

The allusion is to the story of Nisus and Scylla Nisus, King of Megara, was besieged by Minos Scylla, daughter of Nisus, fell in love with Minos, and to win him cut off her father's famous lock of purple hair, on which his life depended He died, but Minos threw Scylla over (Ovid, Metam. viii 6, Virgil, Georgics i 405, Eclogues, vi 74)

P 159, l 112

The great storm of 1658 occurred on Aug 30, four days before Cromwell's death

P 159, l 126

There was an epidemic of low fever in the autumn of 1657, and again in the spring and summer of '658, and a day of humiliation for it was fixed for May 4 1658 (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1657 8, pp xl 380)

P 160, 1 144

The battles of Dunbar and Worcester were both fought on the 3rd of September, in 1650 and 1651 respectively

P 160, 1 154

The offensive and defensive treaty with France, by which Cromwell promised to send 6,000 foot soldiers to Flanders to fight the Spaniards, was signed at Paris on March 23, 1657, and ratified by Louis XIV on April 30, and by Cromwell on May 4. England was to have Dunkirk and Mardyke (Masson's *Milton*, v 140) On Sept 9, 1658, a body of 2,000 Spanish foot and 1500 horse, under the Prince de Ligne and Don Francisco de Pardo, was defeated on its march from Ypres to Tournay, and the greater part made prisoners by Turenne and the Anglo French army (Clarke's *Life of James II*, 1 367, Bournelly's *Cromwell et Mazarin*, 252)

P 161, 1 187

The Scotch, under the Duke of Hamilton, were defeated by Cromwell near Preston, on Aug 17, 1648

P 161, 1 188

The surrender of Clonmel on May 10, 1650, was the last incident in Cromwell's Irish campaign

P 162, 1 189

Lieut Col Roger Fenwick, who was mortally wounded in storming a sand hill at the battle of the

Dunes (June 4, 1658), leading on Lockhart's regiment (Clarke's *Life of James II*, 1 348)

P 162, ll. 201 2

The reference is to the fact that Thomas Cromwell's fidelity to his employer, Wolsey, is said to have been the foundation of the family fortunes, and to have won Thomas Cromwell favour with the King, or else that Richard Williams, founder of the family of Cromwell, and progenitor of Oliver Cromwell, owed his rise to the friendship of his uncle, Thomas Cromwell

P 164, l 245

Frances, who died on Jan 27, 1721. She married Robert Rich in 1657, and upon his death, Sir John Russell

P 166, l 312

Richard Cromwell was proclaimed Protector three hours after his father's death, amid popular applause, but in the April following he yielded to the army, and was deprived of all power. He lived until 1712

EPIGRAMMA IN DUOS MONTES, AMOSCLIVIUM ET  
BILBOREUM

P 169, l 2

Almias Cliff is a group of rocks on a hill about five miles south west of Harrogate, which from a distance look like the ruins of a great building. The hill commands a fine view of Wharfedale

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI ST JOHN,  
AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS

Oliver St John (1598 1673) was Chief Justice under the Commonwealth, and was hence called Lord St John. In March, 1651, he was sent to negotiate the proposed coalition between England and the United Provinces of Holland (Foss's *Judges of England*)

DOCTORI INGELO

Nathaniel Ingelo, divine, and lover of music, was born about 1621, and died in 1683. He was chaplain and "rector chorii" to Bulstrode Whitlocke, on his embassy to Sweden in November 1653. When Ingelo left Sweden Queen Christina gave him a gold medal, and in 1658 he received the Oxford degree of D D. He was buried in Eton College Chapel. Among his writings were a religious romance, and a Latin poem which was set to music by Benjamin Rogers.

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL

In April, 1654, Cromwell concluded a treaty with Sweden, and sent to Queen Christina a portrait of himself, accompanied by these verses of Marvell's. Queen Christina abdicated the throne on the 16th of the following June, when she was only twenty eight years of age. These lines have often been printed as Milton's, but Masson (Poetical Works of John Milton,

1874, II , 343 352) gives full reasons for thinking they are Marvell's They follow naturally after the lines to Dr Ingelo

## ΠΡΟΣ ΚΑΡΡΟΛΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ

These lines were published originally in the *Musa Cantabrigiensis*, 1637

## AD REGEM CAROLUM, PARODIA

This "parody" on Horace (*Carm* I 2) appeared originally in the *Musa Cantabrigiensis*, 1637

I<sup>Y</sup> EUNUCHUM POETAM

Published in the 1681 folio, with the title "Upon an Eunuch, a Poet Fragment"



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THE END